

TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 22, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



J. G. Zimmerman

SENATOR PAUL DOUGLAS
Self-preservation through world leadership?



NOTHING IS CHANGED BUT THE FLOOR



COMPARE these two photographs of the same gift shop. The striking improvement in appearance that you see in the lower picture is due to just one change—a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. It's a dramatic demonstration of how important it is to have the right floor.

This store featured quality merchandise and displayed it attractively, but the old floor made the whole place look dreary. The owners hadn't realized that the floor was such an important decorative factor.

When they finally decided to install a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, they expected an improvement in the store's appearance, but they hadn't imagined it would make the big difference it did. The new floor brought the entire place to life, gave it unmistakable character. The special floor

design focuses attention on merchandise displays. The colors brighten the whole interior because they reflect so much more light.

Not all the improvement is visible. The cushioning effect of Armstrong's Linoleum has made the floor comfortable to walk on, muffled the sound of footsteps. Another advantage you can't see in the picture is the way the new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum saves cleaning time. It will keep its handsome appearance for many years with a minimum of care and expense.

Perhaps a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum could make an improvement in your place of business, too. Your Armstrong contractor will gladly give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these floors has its own special advantages. Each has been developed to meet various cost, style, and subfloor requirements.

Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you compare the features of each type of resilient flooring and aid you in choosing the one that's best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5101 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Penna.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM



There's a big difference between an

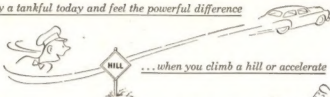
oat ... and a ... goat

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
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Try a tankful today and feel the powerful difference



... when you climb a hill or accelerate

... or any time extra power counts!



When you see the familiar yellow-and-black “Ethyl” emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. “Ethyl” antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N.Y.*

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What's Your Business,

Petro

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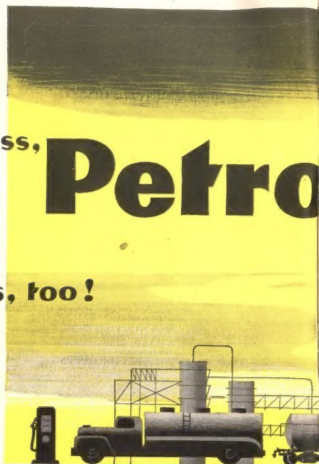
The Bendix stake in the petroleum industry is large—and so is this industry's stake in Bendix.

Products of Bendix divisions, as indicated by the few examples on these pages, cut costs and build profits in every phase of this vast business, from well drilling through delivery to the ultimate consumer.

And that's just a start. Bendix products also assure peak performance of petroleum products in heating plants, automotive vehicles, planes, ships and locomotives. *Wherever petroleum goes, there, too, goes Bendix.*

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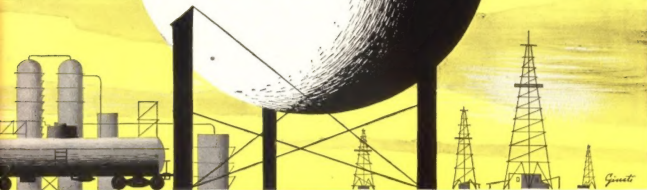


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LETTERS

Heads, Hearts & Rabbits

Sir:

The man with the umbrella was a piker. Fifteen million Czechs, he felt, was not too great a price to pay for "peace for our time." Take Herbert Hoover now, on the other hand, he conceives things on a far more grandiose scale. In order to buy a small but unknown number of years of uneasy peace for the Americas, he is perfectly willing to let all other peoples of the world disappear into abject slavery behind the Iron Curtain . . .

Most of the comments I have read on Hoover's message of despair have argued the practical question of whether or not we would benefit directly by trying to stop the barbarians before the rest of the world is theirs . . . Does not the fate of 225 million fellow human beings also deserve some consideration . . . especially when these same human beings are our blood brothers who share our cultural heritage, our ideals, and our fierce love of freedom? . . .

May every American use not only his head but also his heart when he tries to decide which course America should follow.

HAROLD OMSTED

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

Herbert Hoover's is the voice of wisdom and moral courage

BEAUMONT DEMAREST

Bergenfield, N.J.

Sir:

The thing TIME chooses to call "isolationism," defined clearly by Herbert Hoover, is the will of the people. TIME and all others

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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January 22, 1951

Volume LVII
Number 4

TIME, JANUARY 22, 1951



"I WAS TRAPPED!"

"My wife and I were three days out on our vacation trip. We were approaching a trailer truck coming the other way. Suddenly a huge tire was thrown off the truck and bounced crazily toward us. I couldn't avoid it . . . truck on my left and guard rail on my right.

"I was trapped . . . just couldn't dodge that tire. It hit head on and bounced up and over. My car was badly damaged. You wouldn't believe that a tire could cause such a mess!

"The truck driver was very helpful. He went with me into the nearest town where he called his insurance company — Liberty Mutual — to report the accident.

"Up to now, I thought this freak accident would ruin my vacation with a lot of legal red tape and delay. But Liberty Mutual came through famously. They arranged to have my car fixed right away and their adjuster helped make hotel reservations for us that night. Next day, we were on our way again.

"Now . . . I'm a Liberty Mutual policyholder, too. If I should ever cause an accident, I want the people involved to enjoy the same courteous treatment I received."

Wherever you drive, from coast-to-coast or border-to-border, Liberty Mutual's skilled claims people are always ready to help you. Their job is to safeguard Liberty Mutual policyholders and their families from money losses and worry and to pay fair claims promptly. Service is available through 125 offices.

By serving policyholders direct, Liberty Mutual can do

business at lower cost. That's important in a company like Liberty Mutual, for the savings are returned to policyholders in substantial dividends at policy expiration time. Many policyholders have reduced their annual home and car insurance bills by \$20 to \$75 or more.

Has your present protection been costing you too much? We'll be glad to estimate how much you could have saved. Why not phone or visit our nearest office?



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high maintenance
costs by
building with
CONCRETE

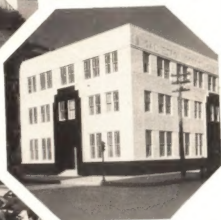
ROADS and streets paved with concrete cost less to maintain, as official records prove. They also are safer, last much longer and give motorists the best pavement buy for their money.



HOMES built of concrete have moderate first cost, low maintenance cost, long life. Result: **low-annual-cost** shelter. Concrete homes also stand stanch against fire, storms and decay.



STRUCTURES such as hospitals, schools, stores, factories and apartments built of concrete have the durability and rugged strength to keep maintenance at a minimum year after year.



FARM IMPROVEMENTS built of concrete resist destructive forces such as fire, rats, rot and storms and therefore need fewer repairs and less upkeep. Concrete also makes work easier.



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A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

who would see this nation bled white in "little" wars throughout the world will soon realize this . . .

ROBERT C. BYERLY

Trona, Calif.

Sir:

. . . Since when has America's symbol been Mr. Hoover's running rabbit—instead of the mighty eagle? . . .

BILL ROGERS

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Man of the Year

Sir:

We want to thank TIME for its choice of Man of the Year.

The expression on his face, his helmet and rifle, the destruction and desolation behind him, and the darkened sky, bring back to us what war means. We know some of its horrors. We don't want them again.

And yet—we have fixed your front cover to the wall. There can be no more suitable "pin-up" for us right now . . . [It] hardens us for our own fight for freedom . . . this time on the right side.

ROBERT AND MARGRET HERBST
Fürth, Germany, U.S. Zone.

Sir:

. . . As the mother of one of the marines who took the 60-mile death march through "Nightmare Alley," it's very gratifying to know that one of the finest publications in America gave our lads the recognition they so richly deserve.

MARY N. STYLES

San Francisco

Sir:

. . . Well chosen . . .

G. G. BURRIS

New York City

Sir:

. . . It is a story which should be read by every American.

FRANK E. MCBRIDE JR.

Dayton

Sir:

. . . I want to thank you for the wonderful insight of the G.I. expressed in this article, and for the highly informative way in which it is written . . . The descriptions of Popko, Tatum and Ward are character studies that will be remembered . . .

MRS. CHARLES G. ASHE

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sir:

Will you please convey to Sergeant Robert Ward's twice-bereaved Cherokee Indian mother my personal appreciation of her permitting his return to combat duty . . . Her heroic action honors herself, her son, her people and her nation . . .

R. H. JAMES

Rocky Ford, Colo.

Sir:

. . . The sentence containing the phrase, "the best commander of the year, MacArthur, had blundered and been beaten," is the next man I have ever seen struck in print . . .

WALTER T. GOLDSWORTHY

Chicago

Sir:

. . . I'm no great admirer of MacArthur. As an oldtime horse-cavalry regular, and disabled Asiatic-Pacific veteran, I can be as critical of command mistakes as the next man. But sheer honesty applied to the facts seems to indicate that MacArthur did not blunder, was not defeated. The defeat was political . . .

EARL FRENCH

Fruit, Ark.

TIME, JANUARY 22, 1951



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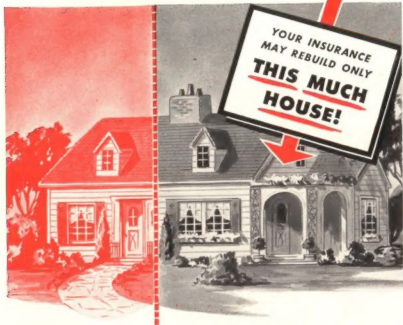
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WE consider it our duty to inform you that unless you have checked your property insurance recently—you should do so at once!

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See an America Fore agent at once—he can help you determine whether or not you have the right amounts and kinds of insurance.

Also, if you are active in the affairs of your community, check to see if your public buildings are adequately insured. We have found that many such buildings have insufficient insurance to rebuild or to repair major damage.



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Sir:
 Congratulations to your Ernest Hamlin Baker for his very excellent Man of the Year portrait—the American Soldier . . .
MRS. MILNOR PARET KESSLER
 Greenville, S.C.

Sir:
 Your selection of the Man of the Year was excellent. Your story was inspired. Your artist, however, was inspired by seeing too many movies. The man on the cover looks like Hollywood's version of a G.I. . . .
W. T. PHARR
 Dallas

Sir:
 [It] is the best likeness of a combat infantryman that I have ever seen. He has caught the finely drawn, haunted expression around the eyes and nose perfectly. This, together with the determined aspect of the mouth and jaw, forms a face that I have seen many hundreds of times since 1941 . . .
M/SGT. RAYMOND H. NELSON
 Galesburg, Ill.

Upbeat

Sir:
 I note in your Jan. 1 issue that the Gallup poll reports that Bing Crosby is still the popular favorite of the man in the street, despite the fact that Billy Eckstine was selected this year in both the *Down Beat* and *Metronome* polls [TIME, Dec. 25].
 Der Bingle was the favorite of *Down Beat* readers in 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1944 and 1945, and during the first couple of years he was chosen, the Gallup poll undoubtedly could have discovered that Rudy Vallee still was the favorite of the man in the street.

NED E. WILLIAMS
 Editor

Down Beat
 Chicago

In Pursuit of Power

Sir:
 Dr. John A. Mackay defines clericalism as "the pursuit of power, especially of political power, by a religious hierarchy, carried on by secular methods, and for the purposes of social domination" [TIME, Jan. 8].

As a definition it admirably fits the activities of two organizations, religious in inspiration, which have functioned in American political life—the Anti-Saloon League, and Protestants & Other Americans United for Separation of Church & State. Both of these groups sought political power under the aegis of religious hierarchy, and they certainly used secular methods such as badgering Congress and the President for the ultimate purpose of dominating the social scene in American life.

Surely Dr. Mackay would want to decry activities of Protestant organizations which fall so neatly within the limits of the definition of clericalism he has provided.

MSGR. THOMAS J. MCCARTHY
 Director
 National Catholic Welfare Conference
 Washington, D.C.

The Office Party Problem

Sir:
 Maybe the boss's wife had the solution for the office Christmas party [TIME, Dec. 25] when "in came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile." There isn't a single moral problem that the office party at Yuletide raises that won't be solved if the wives insist upon inviting themselves. . . . At least this is the Victorian suggestion I am submitting to my Sunday flock of a thousand. . . .
 (This scheme would pay for itself, for, although food costs would be up a third, the liquor bill would be cut in half.)

PAUL F. SMITH, S.J.

Omaha

TIME, JANUARY 22, 1951



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- IN DESIGN - IN ECONOMY - IN USEFULNESS



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So, today, thousands of new New York Central freight cars are riding the rails. And more are rolling off the production lines daily in one of the largest new car programs in railroad history.

These cars represent a \$232,000,000 item in Central's preparedness plans. A vast *private investment in the public interest*. For it is by railroad freight, above all, that America mobilizes its might for prosperity in peace and security at all times.

New York Central

The Smooth Water Level Route



THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Henry R. Luce
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James A. Linde

M. H. S. Phillips Jr.,

Dear Time-Reader

Our Man of the Year choice brought a wide range of comment from columnists, radio & TV commentators and editorial writers. As it does each year, the Associated Press wired its report of our selection to papers throughout



But slow mails from the war zone left us waiting for word from the man himself. The replies were worth the wait. "Your timely portrayal of the American G.I. in Korea is unparalleled in its reality," wrote Sergeant John A. Cook of the 5th Cavalry Regiment. "We—and I believe I speak for most of us—appreciate the tribute you have given us dog-faces."

Wrote an Air Force captain of the 36th Fighter-Bomber Squadron: "Individually and collectively we feel that it has a deep, sincere message for all the people in and from the United States of America . . . Are people at home realizing that this isn't a police action but a fight for survival? Do people realize the import of your statement about the number and excellence of our weapons?"

Early in the Korean war, combat G.I.s and officers began urging us on our efforts to present the full facts of the fight. Some of their comments: "It is all so very true and it is something all American people should know" . . . "Keep up the good work, TIME" . . . "Expressed my views perfectly" . . . "I

I was a reporter or writer, that is what I would have written" . . . "I praise your staff on the excellent coverage of the Korean war." Corporal "Tex" Herzog of the heroic 27th Regiment called TIME "the best magazine in the world," but wanted us to change the name to the *Weekly World Magazine*.

Several men in the war zone asked us to send clippings, particularly on the **BACKGROUND FOR WAR** series, to their families and friends at home. (We did.) A Medical Corps private had us mail his girl friend the account of the superhuman job done by combat medics.

True to Army tradition, the G.I. bitched as hard as he praised. Frontliners who disagreed with TIME's combat accounts wrote their versions to our editors or to the correspondents they met in battle. Army men protested hotly when we reported that Marine *esprit de corps* gave leathernecks a lower percentage of "missing in action" casualties.

Soldiers' letters to us showed grave concern with "what people back home think." Scrawled in pencil across odd bits of notepaper, these letters bore the urgency of men at war. "The subject," wrote one sergeant, "is too grim to permit delay."

Fighting men leaped into the Great Debate.

One wounded corporal went a step beyond Senator Paul Douglas' suggestion that the generals be permitted to use the atom bomb on Chinese troops. From a hospital in Japan, he wrote that we should atom-bomb Manchuria right away.

As in the last war, news of bottlenecks and strikes at home brought bitterness. To point this up, an infantry lieutenant recently suggested a trade union for fighters. "We are not directly concerned with higher wages," he explained, "but would like to have collective protection against lethal projectiles, zero temperatures, and exile from our families."

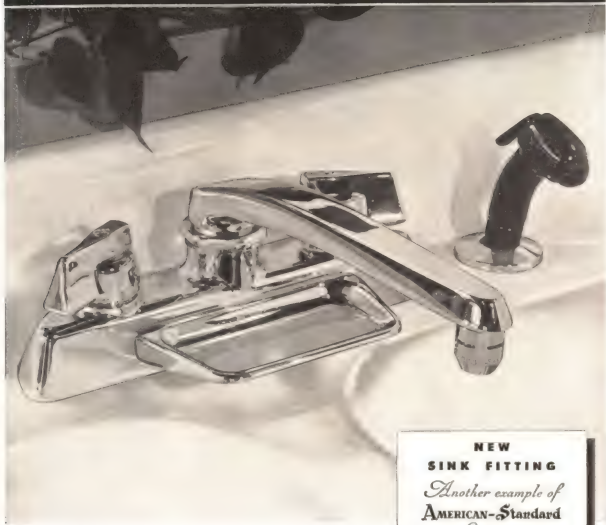
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Eyes on Y

The U.S., still without a consistent world policy, still grateful for any chance to wait for the dust to settle, was making the logical worst of its uncertainty. Last week, while it was trying to drum up the courage and decision of its friends, it was also ignominiously trucking to its enemy.

In Europe, General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, entrusted with the most important military-diplomatic mission ever given a U.S. soldier, went from capital to capital urging Western Europe to start mobilizing its defenses. Meanwhile, at Lake Success, U.N. Delegate Warren Austin, carrying out a different kind of mission for the Administration, joined other members of U.N. in anxiously waving the olive branch in the direction of the scornful and truculent Chinese Communists (see INTERNATIONAL). It was a gesture that could be interpreted by the world as what it was: appeasement.

Snail's Pace. The long-standing decision of the Administration showed on other fronts. In his Economic Report, despite promises of vast expenditures in the future, the President gave some idea of the relatively niggling size of the rearmament effort to date. Currently, he pointed out, rearmament is taking 7% of the national output; next year it may take as much as 18%. In World War II, rearmament absorbed 45% of all the nation's wealth and property.

Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas (see below) offered further evidence of the snail's pace of the war effort. "Total expenditures of the Department of Defense," he said, "for the six months up to Jan. 2, 1951, were \$7.9 billions as compared to \$7.2 billions during the comparable period of the year before. This was an increase of only 9%. Yet the military situation is certainly more than 9% more serious than it was a year ago."

The Calendar. The thinking that led to the obvious anomalies in the nation's international course was done in the State Department. The thinking behind the slow pace of mobilization was a product of the Pentagon.

The Pentagon had a calendar. The minds of top U.S. military men revolved around two hypothetical dates:

¶ X, when Russia would have enough atomic bombs to cripple the U.S. and thus be ready to attack.



U.N. DELEGATE AUSTIN VOTING FOR CEASE-FIRE[¶]
For a truculent foe, an olive branch.

Associated Press

¶ Y, when Europe, with U.S. help, would have enough divisions to protect herself, thus making Russia think twice about her plans for world conquest.

It was anyone's guess, but X might well be some time in 1952, Y some time in 1954. X, therefore, was the moment of peril. But by the terms of their own calendar, the military men could not hope to be ready before Y.

With Fingers Crossed. The State Department seemed to see no opportunity for decisive action while the U.S. still had the big advantage of the atomic-bomb stockpile. And the military seemed to see no opportunity for speeded-up rearmament, no matter how willing the U.S. public was to pay the bill.

The Pentagon argued that the country was not ready with the equipment or the housing for a big armed force. Furthermore, the military men had decided that the public—which the Pentagon loves to analyze—was not psychologically prepared to support indefinitely a vast, idle army.

What would they do with the troops in case Russia did not attack? Besides, a big army would deplete the labor force needed for industrial expansion.

The Pentagon believed that with sufficient cadres of trained men it could expand its armed forces fast enough to meet any crisis. As for industrial mobilization, that was being carried out about as rapidly as possible—or so the Pentagon thought. Industry, it was argued, could expand overnight into an all-out-war program.

In short, the military men, long exposed to the Administration's maybe-something-will-turn-up policy, had taken up the same policy. They had weighed the dangers of rapid mobilization against the chances of being caught unprepared, and had decided that the second alternative would have less serious consequences. This reasoning did not even fit the Pentagon soldiers' own timetable; Russia would be ready, if the timetable was right, a good two years before the soldiers were. The military men crossed their fingers, kept their eyes on Y, and tried not to worry too much about X.

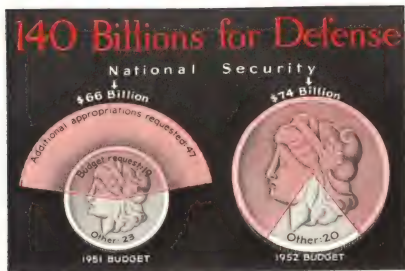
¶ Center, Britain's Jebb; right, Russia's Malik

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 2,537 more U.S. casualties in Korea, reflecting the first losses in the big Chinese Communist assault. The new list, dated Jan. 10, brings the announced cost for six months of the war to 42,713 U.S. dead, wounded and missing—almost twice the total number of ground troops dispatched to the Korean front by all other U.N. allies. The breakdown:

DEAD	6,247
WOUNDED	29,306
MISSING	7,160

Total casualties by Services: Army, 34,730; Marine Corps, 7,186; Navy, 465; Air Force, 332.



THE PRESIDENCY

The Cost of Security

In the new State Department building's softly lighted auditorium, which he had pre-empted for the occasion, Harry Truman presented his 1952 budget to the press. Mrs. Truman and Margaret, whom he had invited because they wanted to see where all the money went, sat in a back row thumbing a 265-page summary of the 1,089-page full-size edition. The ladies listened attentively to the President, occasionally peered at the documents.

So did the newsmen. In the two costliest years of World War II (1944 and 1945) the U.S. had spent \$168.2 billion for men and armaments. The President was now telling the U.S. how much it would have to put up—not to fight World War III, but merely to mobilize for whatever might happen.

He lumped it all together under the single heading of "national security"—the cost of rebuilding the nation's own military establishment, atomic development, civil defense, aid to U.S. allies abroad. The figure (for fiscal 1951 and 1952): \$140 billion.

Where Is the Money? All other costs of the U.S. Government for the same two years would come to only \$43 billion (see chart). And even that figure contained the enormous, still unliquidated costs of the wars of yesterday—interest on the national debt, payments to veterans, a total of \$22 billion. In other words, the crushing costs of wars past & present for the two years would be \$162 billion, compared with \$21 billion for the normal domestic expenses of the U.S. Government.

The cost could also be measured against what the President had asked exactly a year ago when the fiscal-1951 budget was first framed. Then Harry Truman, seven months after he had ordered the last of U.S. occupation troops out of Korea, thought that \$19 billion would be enough for national security. "The new emphasis on military preparedness," said his budget message this week, "reflects the ne-

cessities of the world situation today."

Where was the money coming from? Mr. Truman emphasized. Not all of the \$140 billion for national security would actually be spent in the two-year period. Some of it would be merely in the form of orders for armaments. The orders would have to be paid for some day, but not in 1952. He figured actual spending in fiscal 1951 at \$47.2 billion (including \$27 billion for security); for 1952, \$71.6 billion (\$52 billion for security). He reckoned that revenues from present taxes in both years would be \$90.6 billion, which would leave a deficit of \$19.2 billion for the 24 months between July 1950 and July 1952.

"Pay As You Go." To meet the deficit, the President had already prescribed "much higher taxes." Exactly how much higher and how they would be levied, he would explain in a subsequent message. He was determined, however, that national security should be put on a basis of "pay as you go." In short, if Mr. Truman had his way, the money would have to come out of the pockets of U.S. citizens, without any addition to the national debt, now \$256 billion.

This week, as the budget was presented to the public, some Congressmen warned that taxes heavy enough to cover the full cost of security would strangle the country's economy. Cried New York's Daniel Reed: "I think the President has gone hysterical." Some recalled the observation of North Carolina's Congressman "Muley" Doughton, when President Roosevelt in 1943 proposed a \$10.5 billion increase in wartime taxes: "You can shear a sheep once a year; you can skin him only once."

Other Congressmen figured that the U.S. could still grow a lot of wool, even though there would be some bleats, and that it was better for the U.S. even to lose some skin than to lose its head.

* To meet the full tax bill for fiscal 1952 the U.S. would have to raise more than \$70 billion—more than it had ever raised before in a single year (previous record: \$46.4 in fiscal 1945) and more than the Government had collected during the 138 years between 1789 and 1927.

Doctor's Report

Along with his budget message, the President reported last week on the nation's economic health. It was a long-winded document of 11,000 words which dealt with the subject in the gingerly manner of a doctor looking over a temperamental patient. How well was the U.S. fitted to endure the rigors of mobilization?

The President and his economic advisers* prescribed some vitamins, some exercise and a plainer diet. Steel capacity would have to be raised from 103 million to about 120 million ingot tons, electric power capacity from 67 to 87 million kilowatts. Besides adding another million men & women to the armed forces within a few months, the U.S. needed "probably not less than four million more in defense production by the end of the year." More women and oldsters would have to go into industry.

Some Jargon, Some Quackery. There would be sacrifices for all to bear. The defense program might absorb up to a third of such basic commodities as copper, aluminum and rubber. Workers would have to "accept restraints and controls upon wages," forgo strikes. Families would have to make "their household goods last longer, their automobiles and appliances, their linen and clothes." Everyone would have to pay higher taxes (see above).

Unfortunately, most of the specific recommendations were buried in generalities and bureaucrat's jargon, and some were the products of political quackery. For some of the country's most vexatious twinges, the report had no specific remedy. What to do about the threat of galloping inflation? Said the doctor vaguely: "We must use direct controls, as well as the tax and credit measures."

What to do about farm and food prices, now riding up & up and taken out of the reach of price controls by act of Congress? The doctor prescribed a poultice. Said he: we must "control speculative trading." The report was also filled with good advice which no one needed so badly as the doctor himself. Sample: "All of us must plan. . . Government must assume leadership."

No Strain. But all in all, the doctor found the U.S. in roaring good health. "From the beginning of World War II. . . our national output rose by more than 60%," still showed no sign of reaching an end of expansion. "Our total [physical] output today has reached approximately the 1944 [wartime] peak. . . with much shorter hours and less strain upon facilities." Even if the contemplated defense program were doubled, "it would still be clearly within our capabilities." The U.S. was the industrial giant, alongside of whom all other industries looked puny.

The U.S. was in little danger from a collapse of its economy, the doctor concluded. The greatest danger to the giant, in fact, was that his enormous potential would be misused, or not fully utilized until too late.

* The Council of Economic Advisers: Chairman Leon Keyserling, John D. Clark, Roy Blough.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Fin of the Shark

(See Cover)

The Great Debate rolled on, in the newspapers, on the radio, on street corners.

"All this started with us trying to run the world," complained a hope merchant in Yakima Valley. "We started out with loans to the British Isles, now we got loans out everywhere. And what do we bring home? We bring home corpses, and I'm damned mad." Axel Nielsen, a used-car dealer, canvassed southern Michigan with petitions to the President which said: "Bring our boys and war goods back to American soil and let the other countries, one & all, paddle their own canoe . . ." Housewife Kathleen McLeese of Kansas City said: "If I were a soldier, I'd rather fight in Korea than in Independence, Mo." Said a San Francisco businessman: "The way things are, we're in and yet we aren't. We fight one place and try diplomacy another . . . How the hell can you figure anything?"

In the U.S. Senate, the Great Debate simmered and boiled.

There was one notable absentee. Paul Douglas of Illinois kept his floor appearances to a minimum, closeted himself in his cluttered Senate office and worked late into the night. He gulped carbonated water, puffed at denicotinized cigarettes and rifled through a stack of history books and charts. Four stenographers worked in relays to help him. For a week he wrote and rewrote, revised and polished what he wanted to say.

Douglas had already made his views known in part in a series of speeches and radio debates (TIME, Dec. 18). Now he was reviewing and refining them, expanding his ideas into an exhaustive consideration of the alternatives the nation faced. At a critical moment in U.S. history, Paul

Douglas had set himself the task of charting a course which sought self-preservation through world leadership.

No Bargain-Counter Security. While Douglas labored, the Senate debate continued. "If the members of Congress have a shred of courage and patriotism left," said Indiana's Isolationist William E. Jenner, "they will lay down an ultimatum to the President demanding either a declaration of war or the bringing back of American G.I.s to home shores." Cried Fellow Isolationist George Malone of Nevada: "We should withdraw General Eisenhower from his military headquarters in Europe."

There were other voices urging similar courses. But essentially, it was a week for answering Herbert Hoover, Robert Taft and the other pleaders for a defensive foreign policy—the policy of retreat to what Hoover called a Western Gibraltar, Arizona's apple-cheeked Ernest McFarland,



J. G. Zimmerman
CALIFORNIA'S KNOWLAND
At what points?

rising to his first test as a majority leader of the new Senate, gave the debate free rein: "It is this clash of honest judgment and conviction . . . which results in sounder policy," he said.

Texas' fiery Tom Connally charged into Bob Taft's economy proposals. "I do not believe in shopping for security at the bargain counter," he snorted. "We cannot seriously entertain a policy of limited, half-hearted participation in the defense of [Europe], even though it has the appeal of being economical." Taft had said there was no conclusive evidence that the Russians would attack. Replied Connally: their puppets were already killing Americans in Korea. "In Texas," he said, "we are strongly of the opinion that when a person shoots at you, he is being unfriendly."

One for Six. Some of Mr. Republican's ablest party colleagues also rose to dispute the Taft and Hoover logic. "It is hard to



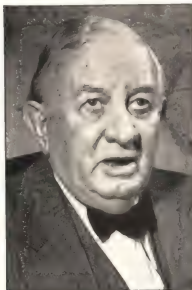
Associated Press
MASSACHUSETTS' LODGE
How?

understand how anyone can contend that the development of a defensive holding force in Europe . . . could look like aggression to such realistic men as the rulers of the Kremlin," said Massachusetts' Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. "We have . . . to get the arrow point from West to East, not from East to West."

Said California's William Knowland: "If Communism is a global menace, which it is, then it must be met on a global basis. We cannot expect [Western Europe] to build an army that would make Europe impregnable to Communist aggression before we place an additional man or dollar on the Continent." Knowland had his own formula for U.S. participation in the North Atlantic army—one American division for every six European divisions, until there are 70 in all.

The most emphatic proposal of all came from New Hampshire's Styles Bridges. An internationalist who has sat in the Senate longer than any Republican save Michigan's ailing Arthur Vandenberg, Bridges believes that the U.S. is already waging World War III—and losing it. Bridges called on the U.S. to recognize that it is in a state of war with Russia without formally declaring its existence. Except for his all-out attack on the Administration and the wavering conduct of its foreign policy, it was the polar opposite to the Hoover-Taft position. His specific proposals: a break of diplomatic relations with Russia and her Communist satellites; a U.S.-supported invasion of the Chinese mainland by Chiang Kai-shek; a sea and air war on the Chinese Reds by U.S. forces; full-scale industrial mobilization and round-the-clock production.

What Will It Be Tomorrow? This week Paul Douglas, a burly man in a rumpled grey suit, stepped on to the Senate floor to speak his mind in the Great Debate. The Senate listened with respect. In his 53 years, Paul Douglas had been a col-



J. G. Zimmerman
TEXAS' CONNALLY
When?

lege professor, a nationally known economist, a reforming member of Chicago's city council, a Quaker and pacifist. In 1942, at the age of 50, he had become a World War II marine. Now, after two years in the Senate, he had emerged as a leader of the little band of Administration Democrats who spoke more from conviction and a sense of duty than from considerations of partisan politics.

Standing tall (6 ft. 2½ in.) at a Senate desk, his head thrust forward, he read from a fat, 55-page text before him.

"The manifestation of Communist aggression in Korea during these last six months," said Douglas, "is but the showing of the fin of the shark above the water. It is but a fraction of the striking power of the man-eater which lies beneath the surface. Day before yesterday it was Czechoslovakia; yesterday it was China; today it is Korea. What will it be tomorrow?"

"I welcome this debate," said Douglas. "I am confident that it will result in re-affirming the principle of collective security. But the debate, if we carry it out quickly and in good temper, will be a gain to the country. It will clear the air and minds of all of us . . . Let us weigh the relative values of the different alternatives and decide . . . Where, then, do we begin?"

When, Why, Where? Douglas began with an essential point—one sometimes obscured by the smoke of the oratory. The whole U.S. was agreed "on the basic ends we seek, namely, to protect our country from Communist aggression . . . The differences are merely on means and methods . . . When, at what points, how, and with whom should we prepare to defend ourselves?"

Douglas addressed himself to the main alternatives proposed so far:

The Administration Policy. In theory, at least, the Administration plan is to meet points of Communist strength with points of Western strength, in the hope that it may persuade Russia to check her aggression and perhaps to come to a peace settlement. In Europe, it is based on the Atlantic pact, and a commitment to place

six to ten U.S. divisions in Europe as the West Europeans build up their own forces. In Asia, there is no clear policy.

The Gibraltar Policy. Herbert Hoover would pull out of Korea, send no more U.S. forces overseas except to a limited cordon of Pacific and Atlantic bases, build the Western Hemisphere into "the Gibraltar of Western Civilization" and wait the Russians out. Senator Taft would include several more bases than Hoover (e.g., North Africa, perhaps Malaya and Spain), and honor the U.S. commitment to fight if a North Atlantic ally is attacked. But he would fight by sea and air, not on land.

Would either accomplish the job that had to be done: drive the shark back to deep water, or shoot it? Douglas was convinced that neither could. The end of Gibraltarism would be the feast of the shark on all Asia and Europe, he argued. U.S. forces, he said, are the key to West Europe's resistance. "If we refuse [to help], they . . . may indeed throw in the sponge."

How About Europe? Point by point, Douglas met the Hoover-Taft thesis. Sea and air power are not enough to defend Europe, he declared. "The experience of World War II and the experience of Korea have surely taught us that air attacks will not stop land armies . . . Infantry and artillery are still needed, as Korea has shown, and all the scientific push buttons and military gadgets have not made them obsolete."

Taft had argued that if Russia swept to the Channel, the U.S. could bomb Western Europe's industrial facilities into uselessness. Douglas' answer: "The Europeans cannot be thrilled with joy by the fact that Mr. Taft first offers them aerial aid which he admits will be ineffective, and then promises them that after this has failed, he will destroy their industrial plants and possibly their cities by attacks from the air. This is hardly the way to win friends and influence people, and, in fact, almost no better way than this could be devised to develop anti-American and pro-Russian sentiment on the continent of Europe."

"Now," he went on, "suppose we were to adopt Mr. Taft's policy of refusing to support Western Europe with ground troops and offering air and sea power only. It would, in effect, withdraw our strength from continental western Europe and create a power vacuum which the Communists would inevitably fill." It would also deprive the U.S. of Europe's tremendous industrial production. "Since steel is the strongest material component of our defense and the base of all other industry, we should not lightly give it up to the enemy or accept its destruction at our own hands. We in the free nations need that 65 million tons of steel a year on our side."

How could Taft argue on the one hand that a few U.S. divisions would not be enough to help much in Europe and on the other that they might be formidable enough to be provocation for war? "Senator Taft's evident belief . . . is equivalent to saying that the weak must not strengthen themselves relative to the strong lest the strong should take alarm. But this condemns the weak to continue in a state of inferiority to the strong and means that they exist only on the sufferance of the powerful."

Said Douglas: "Let us frankly face the fact that the allied armies which are to be raised under the Brussels agreement may be overpowered and defeated. We may be driven into the sea. Our losses may be heavy. No one can take this possibility lightly . . . But what Senator Taft and Mr. Hoover seem to insist upon is that we should not use land troops on the Continent unless we are certain to win . . . If we only try to resist the Communists when it is a sure thing that we will win, the Communists will conquer the world."

How about Asia? Douglas turned to the other alternative. He called it the "Protect Europe but Not Asia" position, and he attributed its strength to "the councils of the executive Government and a number of able publicists." This school, he said, would let the shark gobble Asia and, with it, the Middle East and Africa. "They are resigned to this because they believe that we and Western Europe do



Herblock—© 1951 The Washington Post Co.
"... RIDICULOUSLY SIMPLE"



Holland—Chicago Tribune
"WHAT SORT . . . DO YOU PREFER?"
"Let us have faith and in that faith let us act."



Holland—Chicago Tribune
"HOT-WATER TREATMENT"

not have the strength to defend both Asia and Western Europe . . . For Western Europe, it is said, is the vital seat of power and the only permanent head for the Russian serpent, which has its coils in 50 many satellite states of Europe and Asia."

Douglas noted that this was precisely the policy urged by Great Britain. "This comparison may shock our British friends," said he. "It is nevertheless true that their reluctance to back us up in the Far East is very similar to Mr. Hoover's reluctance to back them up in Europe."

"The British are at present, therefore, largely isolationist in their attitudes toward the Far East. They apparently do not want to use any more of their strength to help defend the principle of collective security in areas such as Korea and China where their own national and material interests are not involved, although they probably would feel differently were Malaya, Singapore and India to be directly and immediately threatened . . ."

"This isolationism is the most charitable explanation why the British early recognized the Chinese Communists; why, after open and bare-faced aggression by these Communists, they are still opposed to having the United Nations or ourselves brand [the Chinese Reds] as such; why they are opposed to having the United Nations or ourselves invoke economic sanctions against the Communists; and why they want the Communists seated in the United Nations itself."

"It is not because I underestimate the vital importance of Europe that I disagree with those who . . . would largely restrict our commitments to that area," Douglas went on. "I go the whole way with them as to the vital importance of Europe. But they do not go the whole way with us. The American defenders of this idea would defend Japan, Formosa, the Ryukyus, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand, I am sure. But that is about as far as they would go."

An Engraved Invitation. Douglas thought the West could no more afford to lose the Asian mainland than Western Europe. Yet: "Indo-China is now in grave danger of falling to the Communists . . . If this happens, Burma, Thailand, Malaya and Indonesia will be sitting ducks . . . Ceylon will then be in great danger . . . India, already facing the Russian Communists from the northwest, will find herself suddenly faced with terrific pressure from the east. To the west of India are only the weak, semi-neutral countries of Afghanistan, Iran and Saudi Arabia. With India gone, the countries of the Middle East, lacking our help, will also go . . . Then Africa, and so on."

With all this, the U.S. and what was left of its allies would lose—and Russia would get—most of the world's natural rubber supply, nearly two-thirds of its tin supply, the precious oil of the Middle East (42% of world reserves), a great supply of manganese and, when Africa fell, the vital uranium deposits of the Belgian Congo.

To Douglas, the answer was obvious. The U.S. could not abandon either Europe



G.I.S RETREAT IN KOREA
"What will it be tomorrow?"

or Asia without a fight. To meet the fight, if it must come, the U.S. had to mobilize faster; it could not measure out its effort in dollar signs. "Our answer should not be a quivering retreat and abandonment of our allies," he cried. ". . . [It] would provide the Russians with an engraved invitation to take over the world."

A Third Way. But there was a third alternative. Douglas called it the "Protect Freedom Everywhere We Can" position. "[This] school . . . believes that the United States must strive to help put down aggression everywhere—provided, however, that other nations will adequately join us in the attempt, and that the places in which the aggression occurs, or threatens to occur, are accessible . . . We do not believe in this policy in order to be aggressive ourselves, nor from any desire to throw our weight around."

In a measured voice, Douglas laid his proposals before the Senate. They were not easily arrived at nor lightly offered, he said. They involved some grave risks. But they recognized that a greater danger lay in losing all initiative for the sake of avoiding all risk. The Douglas proposals:

¶ Pass a congressional resolution approving the Brussels agreement for a North Atlantic army. Contribute American divisions to it on a proportionate basis—about one for every 33 European divisions. (If the Administration did not seek congressional approval in a few days, said Douglas, he would bring the issue to a showdown vote himself.)

¶ Press for U.N. condemnation of China as an aggressor.

¶ Begin a naval blockade of the Chinese coast.

¶ "Make no deal in Korea in order to get out . . . If we leave, let it be an honorable withdrawal under gunfire because of overwhelming odds."

¶ "Try to promote democracy, land reform and an increase in production and living standards in all non-Communist countries, especially those threatened by Communist aggression."

¶ Stand by to help with air and naval forces if the Communists strike in Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula or the Near East. Get Britain and France to make the preponderant contributions of land forces for those areas "to compensate for their relative failure to help in the Korean struggle."

¶ Take all the allies to be found, including Tito, Franco and Chiang Kai-shek. "They are not Democrats, but they are anti-Communists . . . Have no squeamishness from now on in taking associates whose records may be somewhat soiled."

¶ Tell the world our aims and intentions. "They are honorable and we should make them known."

¶ Step up mobilization at home—mobilize 6,000,000 men into the armed forces, increase the budget to \$100 billion, stretch the work week to 44 or 48 hours.

Then Douglas recommended the final step which gave his proposal the force of an A-bomb: the U.S. should serve notice on Russia and the world that the next act of Communist aggression means war.

The Ice Cap. "The Russians would like to bleed us white by a series of such moves by satellites, for which they will deny responsibility," Douglas declared. "If we and the rest of the world allow ourselves to be sucked in by this, it will be fatal. Instead of fighting off only the tentacles of the octopus, let us recognize that these tentacles are directed by a central intelligence."

"Let us serve notice, therefore, that at the next act of aggression by a satellite, we will reserve the right to strike at the eye of the octopus itself." This, thought

Douglas, might be the deterrent that was needed to head off war.

Douglas saw only one choice for the U.S., the Protect, Freedom choice. No longer, said he, could the U.S. choose between simple self-preservation or world leadership; they had become entwined. "We have not sought world leadership. It has been thrust upon us . . . It would be far more comfortable if it had never come. But it has. We cannot escape it.

"Let us determine that our civilization is not to fall, and that the ice cap of the police state shall not descend upon either us or Western culture. Even if open struggle comes, if we are determined to preserve the faith by which we live, we can rebuild much of the damage done and free ourselves and others from the fear of tyranny . . . Let us resolve to win. Let us have faith and in that faith let us act."



SECRETARY MARSHALL & AIDE ROSENBERG

"Men of 18, 19 and 20 make our finest soldiers."

ARMED FORCES

Universal Service?

To George Marshall it was an old story. Under the bright floodlights in the marble-pillared Senate caucus room, he sat quietly, facing the microphone. But energetic Anna Rosenberg, seated beside him, making her first appearance on Capitol Hill as Assistant Secretary of Defense, was never still. She toyed constantly with her glasses, fluttered papers, fangled her heavy charm bracelets, restlessly tucked her hair up under her sequin-studded pink hat.

When members of the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Preparedness finally struggled in and the hearing got under way, General Marshall formally laid down the Pentagon's plan for the nation's first universal military service and training program (TIME, Jan. 15). It was a plan calculated to supply the nation's military manpower needs, not just for the

moment, but at least "into the next decade." Marshall wanted authority to draft all able-bodied youths for 27 months of service when they reached the age of 18. After active duty they would be enrolled for another three years' service in the organized reserves or for six years in the inactive reserves.

Said Marshall: "Men of 18, 19 and 20 make our finest soldiers. The excellent Marine divisions are made up largely of men in these age groups." He stated bluntly that universal military service and training⁶ would have saved months of preparation in World War II, might have staved off the Korean war entirely, saved countless billions of dollars.

Jumping Generals. Marshall laid down his statement and marched back to the Pentagon, leaving Anna Rosenberg to answer questions and present the details.

Mrs. Rosenberg promptly proved that she was a powerhouse of both information and energy. For two hours she reeled off a staggering list of statistics, carried on a discussion of policy, and kept a brace or more of brigadier generals hopping up & down to supply her with papers.

Out of an estimated 1,050,000 18-year-olds, she figured that 800,000 would go into military service. Most of those physically unfit for military duty could probably be drafted for "some work" in the nation's service. For the first three years of the program, the President would have

⁶ Which combines features of both universal military training and universal military service. U.M.T. would require 18-year-olds to take six months' basic training in a special corps, after which they would have a choice of serving six more months, or enlist in the armed forces, join the National Guard, Reserves, or R.O.T.C. U.M.S. would require six months' basic training followed by two solid years in active military service.

authority to defer 75,000 students annually so they could finish college—but only after they had completed four months of basic training and agreed to serve the other 23 months after graduation.

To help meet the nation's needs for doctors, scientists and technicians, the President would also be authorized to grant them additional deferments after they had finished college. If they were not called within ten years, their duty to serve would be automatically cancelled.

The committeemen were obviously impressed with Mrs. Rosenberg's presentation. But for all her charm and information, she soon began running into trouble. When the hearings began, her charts were based on the armed forces manpower goal of 3,200,000 men in service by July 1. On the basis of those figures, the present draft law would just about supply the military's needs. At week's end, when the President belatedly raised the figure to 3,462,205 men, the committee complained about the revision and asked somewhat querulously if they could expect further ones. Mrs. Rosenberg answered with spirit: "I asked the statistical department if there was such a thing as a rubber chart so they would not have to stay up nights revising figures."

Doubts Creep In. Some Senators doubted if the services could absorb draftees quickly enough, even if the 18-year-old manpower pool was made available. Said Texas' Senator Lyndon Johnson, subcommittee chairman: "You come up before this committee asking us to draw up legislation for the drafting of 18-year-olds, and at the same time men are rapping at your door and you can't take them."

This week, as the hearings continued, it was clear that some kind of universal service law would be passed. But it was just as clear that Congress wanted plenty of time to make up its mind on the details. Looking forward to weeks of hearings and debate, Chairman Johnson explained: "We are in the first five minutes of a football game which may be decided in the last three minutes of play."

Army Luxury

As every front-line soldier knows, there is a vast difference between the number of men in uniform and the number who actually see combat. Last week Defense Secretary Marshall told just how big the difference is. For every 100,000 men under arms, he said, the U.S. can muster only 23,000 on the firing line. Russia, on the other hand, gets 80,000 combat soldiers out of every 100,000 men.

Old Soldier Marshall had started an investigation of the problem 24 hours after he became Secretary of Defense, but he could not see any solution if U.S. troops were to continue to be the world's best supplied, best cared for and best fed. Said Marshall reminiscingly: "Our services are too luxurious. I was raised on a 16¢ ration, no chicken, no turkey and no butter. If there was any, by the time I got it, it was melted."

THE STATES

Shoestrings & Saddlebags

The President revived an old, familiar problem: gerrymandering in congressional election districts. Last week he asked Congress to lay down a strict set of rules for redistributing the states' allotted Representatives more equally among their populations, as tallied in the 1950 census.

Harry Truman had the weight of facts and logic on his side. Politicians had outdone themselves carving out weirdly shaped districts designed to increase their power at the expense of their opponents. Illinois had "saddlebag" and "belt-line" districts; Mississippi had a "shoestring" district, 40 miles wide and 600 miles long; and Massachusetts still has a scrawny, lizard-shaped district, resembling the original gerrymander, laid out in 1812 to preserve the political power of Governor Elbridge Gerry. In Ohio's 22nd District, Representative Frances P. Bolton served 698,650 constituents, but in the 10th District, Representative Thomas A. Jenkins spoke for only 180,482 people.

What President Truman wanted was specific legislation outlawing the gerrymander and requiring the states to divide their districts into compact units of between 300,000 and 400,000 people (the census basis on which seats would be apportioned ideally). While few Congressmen would argue about the unfairness of the existing system, there was little chance that they would enact the anti-gerrymander legislation in a hurry. The hard political fact was that too many of them owed their jobs to the shoestrings and saddlebags.

THE CAPITAL

Salvage Sale

The White House Renovation Commission announced its plans for disposing of the historic debris salvaged from the rebuilding job. Beginning next month, souvenir hunters may order a whole list of mementos by mail. Samples: 25¢ for a piece of hand-split lath; \$100 for enough bricks to face an ordinary fireplace. In addition, the commission was preparing special souvenir kits containing chunks of wood suitable for gavel-making or a hand-made nail and a piece of stone which could be set in plastic for a paperweight. Each item will be accompanied by a metal tag certifying that it is a true piece of the White House.

AMERICANA

It Takes All Kinds...

New York. For the bebop man, Manhattan's Alley's Creative Clothes—"The House of Frantic Styles"—offered two of its newest and slickest numbers: at \$14.95, a knee-length, double-breasted gabardine "Bop Cardigan," with four patch-pockets and no lapels; at \$8.95, a pair of "high-rise, drop-loop, saddle-stitch, tricky-pocket peg pants."

Illinois. Just when Chicago was congratulating itself on an alltime record of

13 days without a single reported homicide,* police found the body of one Joseph Barron, alias "Chicken Joe," in a backyard with a knife in his heart.

Washington. After giving more butterfat in her milk than any other cow in U.S. history, Carnation Homestead Daisy Madcap, a moon-eyed Holstein belonging to the Carnation Co., was crowned "Queen of All Cows." At Daisy's coronation, Carnation Director G. S. Bulkley pronounced the eulogy: "To the dairy cow; protector of our natural health and wealth, fountain of youth in this modern day. To the dairy cow: our slave, our friend, our foster mother. Thank God for the dairy cow!"

Michigan. When the state senate balked at seating Democratic Senators Charles C. Diggs and Anthony Wilkowsky because each had previously served a prison term, Democratic Senator Robert A. Haggerty made a plea for tolerance: "I



DICKIE BONHAM
Mighty Mouse set the example.

don't know any politician who wouldn't do what Wilkowsky did. I think they called it ballot-box stuffing."

Arizona. After 114 days without rain, Arizona was enduring one of the longest droughts in state history. Water holes and rivers had gone dry, ranges were dust, cattle herds were being shipped north or sold. The drought belt extended east to New Mexico and central Texas. In some Texas saloons, tin cups were put by the cash registers to collect funds for professional rainmakers. Oldtimers glumly compared conditions to the famous drought of 1903-04, when a man could cross the Verde River over the carcasses of dead cattle and never touch foot to the dry riverbed.

Virginia. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People clamped a boycott on a scheduled Richmond concert by Negro Singer Marian

Anderson. Reason: white people were being discriminated against. All the choice center-section seats had been reserved for Negroes.

Tennessee. As part of his emphasis on youth work, Dr. W. C. Newman, pastor of Memphis' First Methodist Church, set aside a special, dimly lit "Dates' Balcony" for teen-agers at Sunday services.

MANNERS & MORALS

"I Almost Did Fly"

When six-year-old Dickie Bonham began reading Mighty Mouse comic books a few months ago, he was overwhelmed by a pulse-stirring daydream: he began imagining himself flying through the air in red tights, a long-sleeved yellow pull-over and a flowing cape. He was a frail, asthmatic child, but doggedly determined; he hurried from his room in the Bonham home in Highland Park, Calif., and asked his mother whether he could learn to spread his arms and fly.

Gently, she told him that God did not want humans to fly that way; that He had given birds wings to fly, but had given man a big brain so he could make airplanes. Dickie listened silently. His father was an engineer at Northrop Aircraft Inc., and airplanes seemed commonplace to the boy. A few weeks later he told his mother that he could remember flying with his own two arms when he was "awfully young." She tried to explain that it must have been just a dream.

Last week one of Dickie's friends asked him to play Indian. He agreed. But at the last minute he decided to try a different game. He put on a yellow sweat shirt, tied a bath towel around his neck like a cape. The boys headed for a 25-foot embankment. Dickie walked back from the brink, turned, ran as hard as he could, and jumped out into the air. He fell on his stomach. He lay on the ground, scratched and dirty, and unable to get up. His mother, summoned by the playmate, hurried him to a doctor; a few minutes later Dickie was being rushed to Glendale Community Hospital. His spleen was ruptured and he had other internal injuries.

At the hospital he told his mother: "I really almost did fly, mother. I took off and I flew down. I did fly until I landed." At week's end, four days after the accident, Dickie died.

CRIME

Young Man with a Gun

When William E. Cook was five years old, his mother died; his father, a ne'er-do-well Joplin, Mo. smelter worker, abandoned the boy and his seven brothers & sisters in a deserted mine cave. After the authorities discovered them there, most of them found foster parents, but only "the county" would take William, a small, ugly child with a deformed right eyelid. William bit like a caged wildcat at the institutional hand that fed him.

When the county put him in a boarding home, he threw tantrums and complained

* Former record: seven days, set last year.

that he wanted a bicycle like other kids. At twelve, he quit school; when he was hauled before a judge he sullenly asked to be sent to the reformatory. A married sister got him out; he responded by robbing a Joplin taxi driver of \$11.

Hard Luck. William Cook spent almost all his youth behind bars. Reformatory authorities noted that he was neat, quiet, and wrote a "nice hand." But he started endless fights. At 17, he was sent to the Missouri State Penitentiary, where he gained a measure of fame among the convicts by hitting a fellow inmate over the head with a baseball bat. When he got out last year, he was 21—a short, heavy-shouldered, brooding youth with a pimply, undershot chin, and the legend H-a-r-d L-u-c-k tattooed on his knuckles.

He looked up his father, who lives on a pension in a Joplin shack, and announced that he was "going to live by the gun." Then he made his way to the hot little desert town of Blythe, Calif., got a job as a dishwasher. On the night before Christmas, Cook disappeared. He bobbed up in El Paso and bought a .32-caliber automatic pistol. After that he started out to fulfill his promise.

Help Me! His first harvest was a car, a prisoner and \$100. He hitched a ride with a 56-year-old Texas mechanic named Lee Archer, robbed him and locked him in the automobile's trunk. But after Cook began driving, the mechanic pried open the trunk and escaped. Then, near Oklahoma City, the car broke down.

Cook got out and flagged down a blue 1949 Chevrolet sedan. It was crowded. A 33-year-old Atwood, Ill. farmer named Carl Mosser was taking his wife and three little children on a vacation trip. Cook squeezed in and made them his hostages. During the next three days & nights, the blue Chevrolet traveled almost 2,500 miles in an erratic course around Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas.

The captive farmer tried to escape at a filling station near Wichita Falls, Texas. He pinned Cook's arms and yelled: "Help me! Help me! He's going to kill me and take my wife!" Cook wrenched free, yanked out his pistol and forced Mosser back into the automobile. Cook and his hostages stopped twice more, once at a filling station in Randlett, Okla., once at Winthrop, Ark., but neither Mosser, his wife, nor his children made any outcry. Two days later, the blue car was found—empty, bullet-pierced and drenched with blood—in the hills near Tulsa.

Two Hopalong Hats. A white-faced state policeman, who had the job of cataloguing its contents, wept when he came to one item: two Hopalong Cassidy hats. A nationwide alarm went out; police set up roadblocks across half a dozen states. But William Cook and his .32 vanished. Then, three days later, back at Blythe, Calif.—1,600 miles from Tulsa—a deputy named Homer Waldrip stroled into an auto court to question a man who had been one of Cook's friends.

Waldrip knocked. There was silence. Then the door flew open, and a man in a



DESPERADO COOK
He would just as soon kill.

red shirt jumped out, a pistol in his hand. It was Cook. He took Waldrip's pistol and ammunition belt, walked him out to his patrol car, told him to drive south into the desert. He bragged that he had thrown the Mosser bodies into a ditch, had killed seven people in all, and "would just as soon kill you." But after 35 miles, he tied the deputy's arms, set him down in the fierce sun, and—after a moment of ominous hesitation—drove on.

A passing car found Waldrip two hours later. Seven miles down the road they found the patrol car with its red light on and its engine running. Less than a mile farther, they found a man—a vacationing Seattle salesman named Robert Dewey



STEWARDESS HOUSLEY
She could have jumped.

—lying dead with a bullet hole in his head. Dewey's automobile, a blue 1947 Buick sedan, was found that night beside a dusty Mexican road, 50 miles south of the border.

Then, in dreadful repetition of the pattern, two El Centro, Calif. prospectors were reported missing after starting out on a trip to Mexico. FBI and police posses scoured towns all along the border, immigration and customs officials searched every vehicle, planes and helicopters swept the desert roads. It was one of the most feverish manhunts since the days of John Dillinger.

It ended abruptly this week when Tijuana's Chief of Police Francisco Kraus Morales led a posse 450 miles into Baja California. There he finally ran the gunman to earth, liberated the two prospectors who had been captured by Cook, and triumphantly flew his quarry back to the border.

HEROES

"Take Your Time"

Afterward, one passenger remembered seeing "the fence coming" and hearing someone yell: "We're going to crash." Within seconds, the National Airlines DC-4 was skidding along the sleet-coated runway of Philadelphia's International Airport. It ran off the runway, through a ditch. Its landing gear disintegrated, flames shot from a ruptured fuel tank.

Stewardess Mary Frances Housley threw open the door. Men & women rushed for it. One woman jumped with her coat on fire, tore it off and ran from the scene. Pretty, 24-year-old "Frankie" Housley stood by the door, coolly advising her passengers to "take your time." One panic-stricken woman crawled along the aisle away from the door and toward the nose of the plane. Another woman screamed: "Get my baby." Frankie could have jumped. Instead, she turned back into the flaming cabin.

When the wreckage had cooled, firemen climbed in to bring out seven bodies—five women, two infants. One of the women was heroic Frankie Housley. She was found lying in the aisle with the body of four-month-old Brenda Joyce Smith in her arms.

VETERANS

Time to Start Giving

The Veterans Administration read the letter and got the shock of its life. For the past three years, a disabled World War II veteran wrote, he had been getting \$100 a month for on-the-job training as a butcher, and \$12 to \$15 a month in disability payments. "Now," he said, "I feel like the Government has done enough for me, especially with so many fellows coming back from Korea all shot up. There are enough of us sucking the country dry, and it's time . . . we started giving." Enclosed were two Government checks, totaling \$126.40, which he was returning uncashed. There was only one condition: he insisted that his identity be kept secret.

INTERNATIONAL

NATO

Ike's Trip

A Paul Revere in a silver Constellation, NATO Commander General Dwight Eisenhower* last week traveled fast and hard across Western Europe.

In Paris, where official appointments begin at 10 a.m., Ike was at Premier René Pleven's office door at 8. Half an hour later he was at the Quai d'Orsay conferring with Foreign Minister Robert Schuman. Before 9 he moved on to talks with Defense Minister Jules Moch. He broke off intensive conferences with France's service chiefs only for an official luncheon. Said an astonished reporter: "The shortest that has ever been known. The guests were at the table for 40 minutes."

In 2½ days in Paris, General Eisenhower heard that: 1) two more French divisions will soon join the three now in Western Germany; 2) another five divisions will be mobilized, trained and equipped this year; 3) to furnish the 20 fully equipped divisions planned by 1953, deliveries of U.S. war material will have to speed up.

At Brussels, Ike bypassed the Belgian Air Force honor guard waiting at the Brussels airport, hurried to his car and hurried into the city. He quickly conferred with civil and defense chiefs, talked to Party Leaders Paul-Henri Spaak (Socialist) and Roger Motz (Liberal), learned that Belgium proposed to: 1) increase her strength in Germany from one to three divisions by the year's end, 2) double the draft period from 12 to 24 months.

From Denmark Dry Toast. In The Hague on the following day, Ike heard that The Netherlands, having demobilized all its Indonesia veterans, now has only 60,000 soldiers, none organized in divisions. Plans are afoot to train a reserve force of three infantry divisions, but the men would be returned to civilian life and would be mobilized only in an emergency. Said Ike pointedly as he left: "Great social gains remain for all of us to attain, but they can only be attained in an atmosphere of security." Dutch officials supposed the observation was directed especially at Socialist Premier Willem Drees, who is more interested in social progress than in rearmament.

Ike's Constellation headed north. In Copenhagen, Danes proudly served their visitor some of their famed butter with his breakfast. But with a firm eye on his waistline he declined, insisted on dry toast, along with his caffeineless coffee (name: Kaffee Hag). Later, getting down to business, he was told that the 1,000-man Danish token force now in Germany would be placed under his command and

enlarged to 4,000 men. Tactfully, he said: "Size has nothing to do with it . . . I have encountered nothing here but those things which have lifted up my heart."

From Norway a Navy. That afternoon, landing at Oslo, Ike's plane circled snowbound Gardermoen airfield for 15 minutes, then slid in. Ike climbed into a Norwegian admiral's Cadillac for the 36-mile drive to the capital. He learned that Norway would need all her 22,000-man force, plus her reservists, to defend her long, exposed coastline and her boundary with Russia. Norway's 4,000-man brigade in Germany will be turned over to Ike's command, and the government plans to

THE NATIONS

Bridge Out

Italy's studious Premier Alcide de Gasperi gave other Europeans a lesson on how to face an issue. In a two-hour speech to the Senate last week, he closed a furious week-long debate on foreign policy by aligning his country squarely behind the Atlantic Treaty. He made no concessions to either the 67 Communist Senators, who jeered as he spoke, or wavering members of his own party who are still afraid of provoking the Russians. He said:

" . . . I do not believe in the function of a 'bridge' in the sense that Italy could



EISENHOWER AT PARIS' ORLY FIELD
For Paul Revere, no butter.

International

raise the draft period from nine to twelve months. During luncheon next day, Defense Minister Jens Hauge pushed a two-foot-long Viking ship model over to Ike, said: "Here you are. Now you also have a navy."

At week's end, dog-tired but cheery, Ike walked down the landing ramp at the Northolt airport near London, cracked: "This is Northolt, isn't it? I used to drink coffee here." He slept late on Sunday, sat around his Claridge's Hotel suite most of the day, then went to an informal dinner at U.S. Ambassador Walter Gifford's.

This week Ike was scheduled to climb back into his plane, head for NATO Capital Lisbon. After that, Rome, Luxembourg, Heidelberg, back to Paris, then Reykjavik and Ottawa. On Jan. 29 he would return to Washington, report on the prospects of Western defense.

presume to sit between two worlds. Italy has accepted its duties and its place in the political array of the world, after an accurate examination of its ideas, its interests and its geopolitical position. If it wavered, if it betrayed intrinsic and explicit loyalties, it would finish as Masaryk and Benes finished."

There was no hedging after De Gasperi concluded. The waverers, convinced, voted with the government. Italy's commitment to the aims of the Atlantic Treaty was sealed by a vote of 161 to 92.

Still fighting hard, Italy's two million Communists promised a wave of strikes and demonstrations against the Atlantic pact this week when General Eisenhower arrives in Rome. De Gasperi, who has promised three Italian divisions, said: "We will meet Eisenhower with loyalty of purpose and the solidarity of free men."

* Eisenhower does not command all the NATO forces, though all of his troops are drawn from NATO members. For instance, the armies of Canada and the U.S. and the NATO forces stationed in the North Atlantic Ocean area are under separate command. Ike's official title is Supreme Allied Commander, Europe.



EL CAMPESSINO
No more match covers.

COMMUNIST

The Deepest Disillusionment

The Spanish peasants on the Jarama front in 1937 were brave, but many had never even seen an automobile, and they panicked at the sight of a tank. El Campesino, their Red commander, broke them of that. Once when a tank approached he told them to lie still. He filled his belt with tin cans packed with fused dynamite. Then he slid through the weeds to ward the tank. When it seemed to the peasants that El Campesino was done for, he threw twice: one bomb hit the tank's treads, the other its turret. That finished the tank.

The peasants became "El Campesino's dynamiters," famed antitank battalion of the Spanish Loyalist 46th Division. El Campesino (which means the peasant) became a top Spanish Communist general. In Russia, his picture was printed on match covers.

Last month, onetime Red Hero El Campesino (real name: Valentin Gonzalez) told a Paris court: "I am ready to go to Russia with an international commission and show them the graves of millions who died in concentration camps. I am ready to show them the camps where I was. I am ready to show them other camps. Then the commission will conclude that the thing called Communism is, in truth, vulgar fascism only under a red banner."

Then There Were 1,200. After Franco's victory, Gonzalez had fled to Russia. First he was made a Soviet army general, but soon he was under arrest. He was put to digging the Moscow subway, later was shuttled from slave camp to slave camp. He told the Paris court: "Six thousand Spanish comrades came with me to Russia. When I escaped in 1948, only 1,200 were left. The others perished."

With El Campesino in the Paris court-

room was one of the largest collections of Soviet slave-camp alumni ever assembled—Russians, Germans, Poles, Jews, Spaniards, and Balts. They included Jerzy Gliksmann, brother of the Polish Socialist Victor Alter, who was executed by the NKVD in 1941; Margarete Buber-Neumann, author of *Under Two Dictators* (TIME, Jan. 15), whom the Bolsheviks jailed in Russia in 1938, then turned over to the Nazis in 1940; Julius Margolin, Tel Aviv philosophy student who traveled to France to tell the court about his six years in Soviet durance.

All were witnesses in a libel suit brought by French Author David Rousset against the French Communist weekly *Les Lettres Françaises*. Heavy, one-eyed David Rousset, 38, an ex-inmate of Hitler's Buchenwald, had proposed a year ago that an international commission investigate all the concentration camps in the world. *Les Lettres* retorted that Russia had only "correctional stockades," that Rousset faked his evidence. Rousset sued for damages. El Campesino and the others came to testify to the reality of Soviet slave labor.

El Campesino boomed his accusations: "I am fulfilling the sacred pledge I made to the millions of Soviet camp inmates, also the pledge I made to those Old Bolsheviks who helped me to escape. . . . It is the labor of millions of slaves that provides the Soviet Union with the means to rearm—and to pay its foreign agents and the lawyers in trials like this."

The Communist lawyers were livid. One shouted: "It's unbelievable. Here is the Soviet Union tried by a Spaniard. An unheard-of shame—" The court ordered him ousted. Another Red lawyer resorted to smearing:

"Witness Sharikov, you are a Soviet citizen. Why didn't you return home after the war?" Tikhon Sharikov, eight years in Soviet slave camps, replied: "Does the cow go to the slaughterhouse unless she is driven?"

The Second Time. The court was convinced. Last week it found that the Communist weekly had libeled Rousset. *Les Lettres* was required to announce the bitter-pill news in its own columns and in ten other papers of Rousset's choosing, and to pay nominal damages to Rousset.

It was the second time in two years that *Les Lettres* had had to pay damages to a former Communist whom it had lied about; first was Victor Kravchenko, author of *I Chose Freedom*.

The trials had focused French attention—much as the trial of Alger Hiss had focused U.S. attention—on the true inner infection of the Soviet crusade. To millions of French people, fearful of war, still fearful of a fascist Germany, but indulgent toward Frenchmen who want to establish a Communist regime in France, the testimony of El Campesino was impressive: "I do not regret having fought fascism. But I firmly regret that once I wished to establish a Communist regime in Spain. The Soviet Union was the deepest disillusionment in my life."

TREATIES

Liability into Assets?

Japan may be the strongest anti-Communist force in Asia. But as an occupied country, it is a limping liability which U.S. troops are obliged to defend. Recognizing that General MacArthur's successful occupation has passed the point of diminishing returns, President Truman last week gave hope of an early Japanese peace treaty. He appointed U.N. Delegate John Foster Dulles head of a mission to "conduct such further discussions and negotiations as may be necessary to bring a Japanese settlement to an eventual successful conclusion."

Behind Dulles' mission is a new plan permitting Japan to make bilateral peace treaties with the U.S. and anyone else who wants to negotiate. This sidetracks Russia's demand for a four-nation Japanese peace conference with vetoes for the U.S., Russia, Britain and Red China.

Remember Pearl Harbor. For two years Japanese leaders—with General MacArthur's blessing—have been doing verbal handshakes to attract the attention of the State Department treaty-makers. More than a year ago, Douglas MacArthur said: ". . . They have well earned the freedom and dignity and opportunity which alone can come with the restoration of a formal peace."

Red China's aggression in Korea stiffened the Japanese opposition to Communism. Japan's Communist Party membership has dwindled to a new low. U.S. prestige, which suffered elsewhere, has apparently not been hurt in Japan by Korean defeats. The Japanese public is well acquainted with U.S. war potential. "Pearl Harbor victory" is what they call the current Communist successes.

Although confident of ultimate U.S. victory over Communism, most Japanese



Philippe Halsman—Life
JOHN FOSTER DULLES
No more handshakes.

are disturbed about the time it would take the U.S. to mobilize. With Russia and Red China facing them on the mainland, Japanese have started thinking about rearmament. Hisato Ichimada, governor of the bank of Japan, recently said: "Rearmament is a question forced upon Japan by the international situation." Premier Shigeru Yoshida, who would like to use rearmament as a treaty bargaining point, last week cautiously added his agreement.

Cold Commitment. Rearmament would stretch Japan's present piano-wire economy to the breaking point. Japan must import most of its industrial raw materials, even depends on outside sources for 20% of its food. Southeast Asia can supply part of Japan's new material needs, but the loss of access to North China's coal and iron has dimmed Japan's industrial prospect.

Entirely aside from military expenses, the U.S. is now subsidizing Japan's economy at the rate of \$182 million a year. It could pay for some Japanese rearmament by continuing or increasing this after the signing of a treaty. The U.S. subsidy could be reduced by the re-creation of a large Japanese merchant marine. A bigger merchant-marine building program, long restricted by occupation policy, would put the Japanese in a position to import distant raw materials at prices they can pay.

Nobody can be certain that the Japanese have become trustworthy friends of the U.S. But they probably cannot be made more trustworthy by prolonging the occupation indefinitely. Certainly, the Japanese can, if given a chance, contribute to defending their country against Communist Chinese-Russian aggression. Said a Tokyo editor last week: "The clearest lesson brought home to Japanese by recent events of the Korean war is the cold realization that they are now irrevocably committed to the West, whether they like it or not."

UNITED NATIONS

How Far, Sir?

The British Commonwealth makes frequent and often valid distinctions between being anti-Communist and pro-American. Last week in London, convinced that the U.S. had a bull by the tail in Korea, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers tried frantically to wiggle themselves, the U.N. and the Americans out of the pasture. The Korean problems on the Commonwealth agenda crowded out defense talks, trade negotiations, even the bitter India v. Pakistan dispute over Kashmir.

In the cabinet room of 10 Downing Street, in Canadian Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent's busy suite at the Dorchester and Pandit Nehru's quarters at Claridge's through lunch, dinner and breakfast, the Prime Ministers filtered proposals for another compromise bid to Communist China. "We must build a bridge between East and West," said St. Laurent. Added Nehru: "India must be a window through which the West can see the East."

By week's end even those Commonwealth members (Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia) who had refused to recognize Red China, were watching Asia and Lake Success through Nehru's pink window. The proposals grew nearer and nearer to what the conferees thought China's Red Boss Mao Tse-tung wanted. In a flurry of cables and transatlantic telephone calls, St. Laurent and Nehru worked out a new cease-fire plan for Korea. They sent instructions to their delegates on U.N.'s Truce Committee, Canada's Lester Pearson and India's Sir Benegal Rau. Nehru himself hesitated at the last moment before endorsing the plan (since a Chinese rejection would pose the implied obliga-

against the offer, because Red China and North Korea had not been invited to discuss it. El Salvador and Nationalist China also voted against it, for different reasons. T. F. Tsiang, China's delegate, correctly described the proposal. Snapped he: "The talks will pose only one question to Peking—'How do you like Formosa—rare, medium, or well done?'"

Stop Hitting Me. The U.S. delegation voted with the majority, with some misgivings but in the lame hope that other delegations might be willing to adopt a tougher attitude towards China, if the Reds ignore this proposal as they have the others. It was left to Philippine Delegate Carlos F. Romulo, who abstained from the vote, to express what many Americans



Low's VIEW OF A BRITISH QUANDARY
Pink window on the posture.

Courtesy London Daily Herald

tion to do something about it), but St. Laurent finally won him over.

Medium or Well Done? Pearson, Rau and Assembly President Nazroollah Entezam of Iran, the third Truce Committee member, brought the new cease-fire plan before U.N. Its first four provisions were little different from the last truce plan. They included an immediate cease-fire, withdrawal of all "non-Korean" troops, and a new Korean government "in accordance with U.N. principles." But Paragraph Five was a stunner. It provided for a Four-Power conference of Red China, Russia, the United Kingdom and the United States, immediately after the cease-fire, to settle Far Eastern problems "including, among others, those of Formosa and of representation of China in the United Nations."

Two days later the U.N.'s Political Committee voted 50-7 to send the U.N.'s fourth cease-fire appeal to the Chinese Reds, who have not yet bothered to honor the first three. The Soviet bloc voted

outside the U.S. delegation were thinking. Said Romulo:

"How far, sir, can the United Nations keep retreating from established, sound moral position without courting final disaster? A retreat in the course of battle is understandable and sometimes inevitable, but a retreat from right principles—while a battle is being waged for those very principles—cannot be justified on any ground whatever."

"We hold that Paragraph Five constitutes just this kind of abject surrender. Having turned our right cheek to Peking, and the left cheek also, we now say to Peking in Paragraph Five: 'You may stop hitting me now and killing my boys, so that we can discuss how to reward you with the gift of Formosa and a seat in the United Nations.'"

This week, their latest gesture of appeasement safely cabled to the aggressor, the United Nations eagerly and timorously waited for Red China to give some sign that it recognized the U.N.

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

'Stay & Fight'

At Eighth Army headquarters in Korea this week, Army Chief of Staff J. Lawton ("Lightning Joe") Collins put an end to speculation over whether the U.S. would fight on in Korea or get out. The U.S., said General Collins firmly, would "stay and fight." He added that replacements were already flowing to divisions depleted in recent Communist offensives, and that new units, including one new Army division, would go out "in two or three months." No men would be shipped to Korea without their full four months of basic training.

Of several reasons for staying in Korea, perhaps the best was the pinning down of

BATTLE OF KOREA

No Fear

All week long, the whereabouts of the bulk of the U.S. Eighth Army, along the Seoul-Taejon axis, was obscured by censorship. For all that news readers in the U.S. knew to the contrary, the Eighth might have been retreating pell-mell toward Taejon. This week news of an allied counterattack in the Osan sector made it clear that the Army was no longer in retreat.

The Chinese had halted, after the fall of Osan, for what Eighth Army spokesmen said was a huge buildup of strength. Also, they seemed to be shifting strength laterally to the east, either to reinforce the hard-pressed North Koreans in the

2nd Division, aided by French and Dutch battalions, held on. In the first counter-attack since the fall of Seoul, they fought back briefly into the town, withdrew under small-arms fire.

For the rest of the week the battle below Wonju was a seesaw. Several times Hill 247, a half-mile-long crest two miles south of the town, changed hands. One day, 6,000 screaming North Koreans drove the doughfiet off the hill, set up mortars on it and poured fire on nearby U.S. positions. After artillery and air attacks had silenced the enemy mortars, the Americans retook the hill. They abandoned it again after dark, without a fight.

At week's end, some 30,000 Reds had poured around the right flank of the 2nd Division's horseshoe position, and were setting up roadblocks several miles to the south. The 2nd Division fought back, showing no fear of entrapment.

COMMAND

Third Boss

This week the U.S. 2nd Infantry Division, which had taken the worst beating of any U.S. division in Red China's November offensive, had its third commander in six weeks. The new boss: Major General Clark Ruffner, 43, former chief of staff to the X Corps' Major General Edward Almond.

In December Major General Laurence Keiser, who had commanded the 2nd Division since its arrival in Korea last summer, was relieved of his command. The official reason was that Keiser had pneumonia. Keiser was replaced by red-faced, outspoken Major General Robert B. ("Uncle Bob") McClure, a top staff man in the Pacific war who had once remarked that the "smell of a dead Jap is perfume to my nostrils."

Last week Eighth Army headquarters announced that General McClure had been relieved. One of General Ruffner's first orders directed the 2nd Division's officers to shave their beards. Three weeks ago McClure had ordered them to grow beards. His idea was to make identification at night easier. Explained a division spokesman: "Under the McClure scheme, some sections were to grow chin-whiskers, some the Lincoln style, and headquarters men full beards. I rather think it was a morale gesture, too—giving the men something to talk about."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Profound Change

Five bearded men, in rags that had once been uniforms, staggered into the French outpost town of Tienyen 35 miles from Moncay on the Chinese border one day last week. They were Foreign Legionnaires, former *Wehrmacht* soldiers, who had been captured by Ho Chi Minh's Communists in the worst days of French reversals last September. Told by Com-



COMMUNIST PICTURE OF SURRENDERING U.S. TROOPS
Up the hill and down again.

many of Red China's best troops, which would otherwise be free for aggression elsewhere (for example, in Indo-China).

General Collins' announcement followed the arrival in Tokyo of a bevy of top Washington brass for secret powwows with Douglas MacArthur. Besides Collins, the visitors included Air Force Chief of Staff Hoyt Vandenberg, Central Intelligence Agency Chief Walter Bedell Smith, Army Chief of Intelligence Alexander Bolling. Guesses flew thick & fast around the Dai Ichi building, ranging even to the surmise that Nationalist China's armies on Formosa might be brought to bear against Mao Tse-tung's hordes.

In Korea, the Eighth Army's Matt Ridgway said to Joe Collins: "There is no shadow of doubt that the Eighth Army can take care of itself." The pattern of last week's fighting (see below) made General Ridgway's assertion look better than it would have looked the week before,

central mountains, or because they were unwilling to make a frontal assault along the Seoul-Taejon road. Since allied rear-guards had lost contact with the Chinese, they were ordered to turn around, push north until they encountered the enemy.

Tank-led infantry teams of the U.S. 3rd Division (evacuated from Hungnam in December) jumped off at 7 a.m., five hours later slogged into Osan without firing a shot, retook two other towns northeast of Osan, and finally, after an advance of twelve miles, ran into Chinese artillery and automatic weapons' fire from high ground positions.

The Eighth Army seemed to have no fear that its supply line to Pusan—and its possible line of retreat—might be cut off, especially since U.N. forces in the central mountains were bravely and skillfully holding the Reds back from mountain passes that meant access to the plains north of Pusan. Below Wonju, the U.S.

munists that the whole Red River delta, except the port of Haiphong, was in Communist hands, the Legionnaires had escaped, made tracks for Haiphong. They were astonished to find the French still in Tienyen, more astonished when the French told them about the *action profonde* which had regained the lost ground and changed the entire psychology of the French army and its supporters. When a Legionnaire asked how it happened, the answer was brief: General Jean de Latrue de Tassigny.

A TIME correspondent in Hanoi last week described the vital change that has come over the French:

SIX weeks ago, the French were dizzily off balance, hiding their heads in the sand. Soldiers talked about the war as already lost. Vietnamese were changing Viet Nam piasters into Ho Chi Minh's currency. The whole population seemed agreed that Hanoi would be in Ho's hands by year's end.

No Fight. Then De Latrue moved in. He made a thorough housecleaning of the desultory, limp French military and civilian setup. Typical De Latrue gesture: stepping aboard his plane, he noticed that two members of the crew wore luxuriant beards. Said he: "Soldiers are clean-shaven. We take off in ten minutes." Ten minutes later, a clean-shaven crew took off with De Latrue aboard.

He personally coached staff officers in new methods, scrapped the old French system of small outlying strong points for a modern system of strong elements dug in depth. He brought in new ships, planes and equipment (including some U.S. B-26s, Hellcat fighters and 30 Sherman tanks), new troops and a full signal company for his headquarters' use.

He canceled the order evacuating French women & children from the delta, brought his wife to live in Hanoi. Unlike



LEGIONNAIRES AT FORT MONCAY
Off with the beards.

Howard Sochurek—Life

the generals who preceded him, he spends most of his time there. He went out to the units in the field, made short, tough, sentimental speeches, said that he was proud to be a French soldier among French soldiers and that he would not tolerate the shame to France of being licked. I saw Legionnaires shed tears at these speeches.

No Defeatism. Then De Latrue threw in his brief, spectacular counterattack (TIME, Jan. 15). The attack cut off Viet Minh access to the Bay of Tonking and thus to sea communication with Communist Hainan, where a Chinese Communist fleet is reported ready with arms and food for Ho. Today Hanoi is a thriving, roaring place again. There is a feverish movement of troops and a feeling that something vital is happening. The city is geared to war, not to dreary defeatism.

The Vietnamese have been particularly sensitive to De Latrue's influence. Said a Vietnamese spokesman last week: "This man is so strong that I am afraid we will not immediately get the independence that seemed a short time ago only across the road." But De Latrue has guaranteed Viet Nam independence. And the Vietnamese are willing to wait.

Today French and Vietnamese alike boast that the Viet Minh no longer have any chance of taking the delta—unless the Communist Chinese step in to help them. While the Chinese are known to be in close touch with Ho, the six months' rainy season that starts in May will make the roads in northern Viet Nam and southern China all but impassable to large-scale Chinese troop movements. Meanwhile, the Viet Minh were attacking on a 75-mile front north of Hanoi, deploying 30 to 40 battalions for daylight battle in open country for the first time. At week's end the French were holding firm, smashing the Communists with artillery. The test of De Latrue's generalship had arrived.

DANGER ZONES

Traders' Jitters

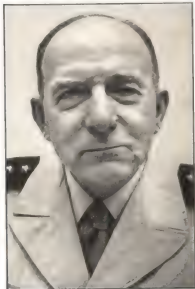
Hong Kong's wealthy British merchants have always insisted that trade transcends politics. "We are just simple traders who want to get on with our daily round," said Governor Sir Alexander Grantham after the Communists captured China. Hong Kong got on so well with its daily round that in 1950 it did a record \$400 million worth of business with Red China. It transhipped to China increasing quantities of raw rubber from Malaya, as well as gasoline, steel and other strategic materials from the West.

Last month, when the U.S. embargoed shipments destined for Red China, Hong Kong's bubble burst. The Chinese Communists angrily declared a counter-embargo. But it was still hard to convince Hong Kong's public, long lulled into security by the tinkle of cash registers, that a war was going on in Asia.

A fortnight ago the Chase National Bank closed its Hong Kong branch. Hong Kong began to get jittery. Last week the last of Hong Kong's rosy glow faded when U.S. Consul General Walter P. McCaughy advised Americans to evacuate their dependents.

Wrote the British *South China Morning Post*: "The American evacuation is considered unnecessary—and almost hostile for its suggestion of contempt for Hong Kong's security and carelessness of Hong Kong's credit."

One evening last week British police, as the result of a misunderstanding, fought a short machine-gun duel with Chinese Communist border guards. Next day the Hong Kong government announced that all British subjects in Hong Kong above the age of 17 must register for national service in case of emergency. This week even the most ingenious Hong Kong traders were worrying about politics.



Howard Sochurek—Life

GENERAL DE LATRUE DE TASSIGNY
On with the war.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

"Dear Friend . . ."

On New Year's Eve, laughing crowds in London's Piccadilly Circus, restored to its prewar dazzle only 18 months ago, gave a full-throated rendition of *Auld Lang Syne*. The New Year did not stay welcome for long. Last week, with housewives grouching over the latest cut in the meat ration (eight ounces to four ounces weekly), Piccadilly's neon lights were doused by a coal shortage.

The government ordered advertising signs throughout the country switched off, begged the public to save gas & electricity, suspended 3,854 passenger trains. Philip Noel-Baker, Minister of Fuel & Power, pleaded in a radio address: "Put the kettle on before, not after, you light the gas. Don't boil more water than you need. Keep the lid on the saucepan while you're cooking. Try to use your electric heater for half an hour less every day . . ."

Grim Memories. Long-suffering Britons hastened to obey. The warning revived grim memories of the freezing winter of 1947 when the coal strike paralyzed industry and transport, threw 4,000,000 out of work, sent overcoated millions to a long diet of cold food.

Britain's 1950 coal output set a postwar record of 216,301,100 tons—but it still fell 17,000,000 tons short of the nation's needs because of the soaring demand for power for the booming export drive and rearmament. British miners, dissatisfied with pay and conditions in the nationalized coal in-

dustry, were not giving their best. Thousands of them, tired of the dirty, dangerous work, quit to join the expanding armed forces or to take better-paying jobs in other industries. In 1950, the mining force fell from 708,000 to 688,600; absenteeism and labor disputes climbed.

Bargaining Agent. To strike at the heart of the problem, Prime Minister Clement Attlee on Jan. 3 invited the 27-man executive committee of the National Union of Mineworkers to a conference at 10 Downing Street. Because four or five members of the executive are Communists, including N.U.M. General Secretary Arthur Horner, Attlee did not appeal for more coal for defense; Horner was primed to resist any such plea. Instead, Attlee's Colonial Secretary, ex-Miner Jim Griffiths, gave the executive a comradely pep talk, said the government wouldn't let the miners down. At meeting's end, Attlee promised to redress the miners' grievances in return for their pledge that they would try to dig 3,000,000 extra tons of coal by April.

Last week, with the promised pay increases, an extra week's vacation (to start in 1952) and a new pension scheme under their belts, Britain's miners set out to redeem their pledge. To give them added zeal, every miner in the country got a letter starting "Dear Friend," printed in a reproduction of the Prime Minister's handwriting. The letter said: "The nation looks to you; I am sure you will not fail . . ." It was signed "C. R. Attlee."



MICHAEL WATERS

The jugs were in the lake.

a schoolteacher who spent a short time on the island in the early 1800s, was held responsible for "the land losing its fertility and the fish forsaking the shore," the islanders went on potting lobsters, growing vegetables and grazing cattle. They were safe in the knowledge that their economy rested on another custom, the origin of which was also lost in the mists of antiquity: the manufacture of potent—illicit whisky.

A 19th Century observer reported Inishmurray potent flowing "extensively over the whole seaboard from Sligo to Bundoran and even to a considerable distance inland." In 1803, a detachment of Royal Irish constabulary was quartered there for revenue duty, but in later years, news of police visits usually reached King Michael in time for the great stone jugs of potent to be hidden in the island's shallow lake. Once sentenced to pay a £50 fine or spend six months in jail for potent-making, King Michael said: "I would have paid £10, but they would not make it £10, so they had to keep me for six months, which was bad business."

When barley and potato prices rose during and after World War II, the potent industry languished. In 1948, Waters and some 60 remaining inhabitants of Inishmurray petitioned the Irish government for new land, were moved to Sligo. There King Michael, a huge figure in homespun tweeds, with a sweeping mustache, continued to hold court among those of his subjects who revisited the island every summer, ostensibly to graze cattle, but

IRELAND

The Broth of a King

Inishmurray is a 100-acre sliver of rock off the northwest coast of Ireland's County Sligo. In World War I, a British destroyer mistook its low-lying shape for a German submarine, let fly with a torpedo. The explosion shook the island up a bit but it failed to deflect the inhabitants from the pursuit of customs stemming back to the time of Saint Columba, who is said to have stopped off at Inishmurray on his way to convert Scotland to Christianity.

Among the customs to which the inhabitants have clung down through the ages is that of having their own *right*, or king. Michael Waters, a cultivated man, sometimes scoffed when visitors called him the King of Inishmurray, but he was connected, through his grandmother's first marriage, with the O'Heraghty family. As far back as anyone could remember, the O'Heraghtys had been rulers of Inishmurray. King Michael, a man of powerful physique and strong will, carried on the O'Heraghty tradition. Said one islander: "He was a learned man, in every way a king. When he settled a dispute, he settled it properly."

Michael's Inishmurray had no police, no magistrate, no roads, no shops—and no taxes. Although a lone Protestant resident,



George Skodding—Life

CLEMENT ATLEE

The lids were on the saucepans.

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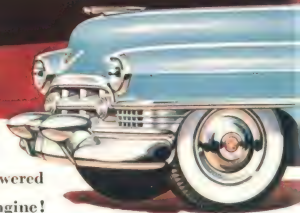


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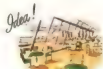
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GALA

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Agence Intercontinentale
JEAN THIBAUD
Outraged.

actually, it was said, to engage in their traditional industry. In Sligo last week, at the age of 80, Michael Waters died. His eldest son Michael, known to the islanders as "Princie," a fishery agent in County Sligo, is not likely to assume the throne.

Unless a new dynasty of mighty potent-makers is established, no more kings will rule on Inishmurray.

FRANCE

"Nothing But Politics"

When Communist Frédéric Joliot-Curie was fired last April as head of France's Atomic Energy Commission, 13 fellow members protested. "We wish to assure M. Joliot-Curie," they said, "that in spite of this measure he retains our entire confidence and our profound attachment."

Last week one of the 13 so profoundly attached to the deposed Red stepped into his job. Socialist Francis Perrin, co-worker of Joliot-Curie's at the Collège de France, was appointed by the government, nosing out Jean Thibaud, director of the Institute of Atomic Physics at Lyon and member of the right-wing UDSR party. At the same time, the middle-of-the-road government, which is trying to carry atomic fission on both its shoulders, dropped Joliot-Curie's fellow-traveling wife Irène from the Atomic Commission. This was supposed to appease the anti-Communists.

Behind Socialist Perrin's triumph some thoughtful folk professed to see a measure of Communist maneuvering. Joliot-Curie heads the nuclear chemistry laboratory at the Collège de France, and Perrin the experimental physics laboratory at the same institution. American visitors have reported remarkable goings-on at the Collège. Physicist Alexander Zucker of the Oak Ridge, Tenn. National Laboratory wrote in the current issue of *Physics Today*: "There is a Communist cell meeting every week . . . Laboratories in Paris are known

by their political affiliations rather than by the work they do. Thus we have Clerical laboratories, Communist laboratories, Socialist laboratories . . ."

Although Socialist Perrin is not suspected of being a Communist or a fellow traveler, he is certainly more acceptable to the Reds than Thibaud, who is an outspoken anti-Communist. When a learned scientific paper by Thibaud reporting a discovery concerning atomic nuclei was submitted to the Academy of Science, observers considered it more than a coincidence that two bright students of Joliot-Curie should immediately produce papers reporting similar findings. Their papers, forwarded to the academy by Joliot-Curie, switched the limelight from Thibaud, who had been getting a big play in the non-Communist press.

Thibaud was furious. He protested to the academy; then wrote to the Atomic Commission resigning an appointment to its Scientific Council. "There is no more science in France," Thibaud told reporters hotly, "science has become nothing but politics."

ITALY

Love in the Town Hall?

On the wall of the public registrar's office in the village of Campogalliano (53 miles off the main road from Modena to Bologna), hangs a large portrait of Garibaldi. From under beetling brows, the old revolutionary soldier looks down on two municipal workers: Ostilio Iotti, 26, whose wife is rich but not pretty, and Santina Caffani, a widow of 30 or more. Together they keep the village records and accounts. Last summer a rumor sprang up that Ostilio and Santina were more to each other than co-workers; the sofa in the registrar's office was often mentioned in these rumors.



GARIBALDI
One eye on the sofa.



MADAME JOLIOT-CURIE
Ousted.

"A Strange Twinkle." Ostilio and Santina are Christian Democrats. The village mayor, councilors and all the other officials are Communists. They decided to get rid of Ostilio and Santina. A few weeks ago the Communists brought from Modena the official party photographer, Mario Botti. He set up his camera in the room adjoining the registrar's office, drilled a hole through the wall, pierced the portrait so that the camera lens peered through Garibaldi's eye.

After three days of waiting, Photographer Botti got what he had been told to get, or so he said. A click of the camera caused Ostilio to look up. He noticed what he later described as "a strange twinkle in Garibaldi's eye." Ostilio and Santina rushed into the next room, as the photographer and two town councilors fled.

The town councilors delivered their negatives to Communist Mayor Guido Gialdi as "evidence." Gialdi suspended Ostilio and Santina, and forwarded prints of the negatives with a report to the provincial prefect. The prefect, an appointee of Italy's Christian Democratic government, ordered Ostilio and Santina reinstated until a formal hearing could be held. Ostilio and Santina filed a suit against the mayor for "defamation and slander."

Overtime for the Mayor. Campogalliano buzzed. Ostilio, said neighbors, had been beaten with a *mattarello* (rolling pin) by his wife, who greatly outweighs him, and confined to his house for two days. Ostilio and Santina denied any improper relationship. Said Ostilio: "She's just an office colleague." Said Santina of Ostilio: "Among other things, I don't like his mustache." Santina opened a counter-offensive. Said she: "I could tell you a few things about the mayor. He often got me to work overtime in his office, and he has a pair of very long hands indeed."

Any compromising photographs, the bookkeepers maintained, could only be a

clever photomontage. Photographer Botti told the police he had been hired by Mayor Gialdi, paid 4,000 lire, plus expenses, by a town councillor. Said he: "Professional secrecy prohibits me from describing the pictures of the love scenes." Mayor Gialdi said that two of the shots were "definitely compromising."

Last week the scandal had spread far beyond Campogalliano, as the Communists, with next spring's municipal elections in view, sought to discredit the Christian Democrats' carefully built-up record of morality in municipal government. Ostilio and Santina, cried the Communists, were "typical representatives of the bourgeois class, void of moral sense in spite of the many Masses they attend." Communist leaflets sloganized: "Showing today: Love in the Town Hall. Banned to children under 16."

Ostilio and Santina, still on the job in the registrar's office, waited for the February lawsuit and publication of the photographs which might reveal what had been seen through the eye of Garibaldi.

GERMANY

Punishment

For seven weeks, concentration-camp survivors had paraded to the witness stand at Augsburg to accuse Ilse Koch, the "Bitch of Buchenwald," of brutalities. "Lies, all lies," screamed the red-haired widow of the camp's wartime Nazi commander. She had fits of hysteria, smashed up her cell, had to be carried from the courtroom. Doctors insisted that she was faking to avoid punishment for her crimes. Last week three German judges and six jurors convicted her of inciting the murder of one prisoner, inciting an attempt to murder another. One of the most revolting accusations—that she had tattooed prisoners killed so she could have lampshades made of their skin—had been dropped for lack of proof. Ilse, throwing another hysterical fit in her cell, was not in the courtroom to hear her sentence: life imprisonment.

NEPAL

Homeward Bound

Two months ago, Nepal's King Tribhubana fled from the despotic rule of his hereditary Prime Minister Rana and took refuge in India (TIME, Nov. 20). Last week King Tribhubana got ready to return to his throne. Prime Minister Rana had agreed to changes in the Himalayan kingdom which his family had bossed for 104 years. Promised reforms: 1) equal representation in the cabinet for the anti-Rana Nepal Congress Party; 2) election of a constituent assembly to draft a new constitution; 3) amnesty for political prisoners. Rana gave in mostly because of pressure from India whose anti-monarchist leaders had backed the King's cause. When he returned to Nepal, King Tribhubana would also take back some new dance steps he had learned in New Delhi nightspots.

INDONESIA

Uncle Barhen

A little Chinese named Wang Jen-shu arrived in Jakarta five months ago from Peking to be Communist China's first ambassador to the new Republic of Indonesia. Local Reds gave Wang a nickname—"Pak Barhen" (Uncle Barhen), Indonesian equivalent of "the common man."

Uncle Barhen was shocked when the Indonesian government informed him that the 2,000,000 Chinese in Indonesia had until the end of 1951 to decide whether or not they wanted to become Indonesian citizens. Uncle Barhen set out to woo his countrymen. But the ambassador was handicapped by a lack of diplomatic dignity and aplomb.

When he presented his credentials to President Soekarno, Peking's man lost



WANG JEN-SHU
A hefty slug.

face by dropping his papers on the floor, lost some more by scrambling to pick them up, instead of waiting for a flunky. At dinner parties in Chinese homes, he sometimes leaped up shouting, "Down with the Kuomintang! Down with the reactionaries!"

He had a disturbing habit of drinking from a bottle in public, shocked fellow guests at a presidential party by taking a hefty slug when the others were raising their glasses in a toast. He addressed a public meeting with a cigarette dangling from his nether lip. Not to be outdone by U.S. Ambassador H. Merle Cochran, who had a shiny blue 1950 Packard, Uncle Barhen acquired a shiny red 1950 Packard.

The Chinese ambassador boasted to Indonesians that he had once been a teacher, a writer and a critic, and a secretary to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Last week Uncle Barhen's past seemed to be catching up with him. Indonesians had discovered that he was the same Wang Jen-shu who

wrote a book in 1948 advocating the overthrow of the Indonesian government on the ground that it did not represent the people. President Soekarno's government has been rounding up copies of the book. It is waiting for the ambassador to make just one more bone before asking Uncle Mao to recall Uncle Barhen.

South Sea Bubble

Governor Susanto Tirtoprodjo of the Lesser Sunda Islands decreed last week that visitors may no longer photograph bare-bosomed girls of Bali. The ruling, said the governor, should help to "liberate" Balinese women.

IRAN

Lesson

Early last week Dr. Charles Malik, Lebanon's able delegate to the U.N., said that U.S. prestige in the Middle East was at an alltime low, mainly because of U.S. support of Israel during the Palestine war. A few days after Malik spoke, the U.S. reputation in that part of the world got another body blow when Overseas Consultants, Inc. announced that it was withdrawing from Iran.

Overseas Consultants was formed by eleven of the top U.S. engineering and management firms. For the Iranian government it prepared a five-volume report for the economic regeneration of the country (TIME, Oct. 24, 1949). The Shah's government engaged O.C.I. to put the seven-year plan into effect. This plan was widely and justly acclaimed as one of the most important postwar moves of U.S. business in support of American foreign policy.

From the start, however, there was little or no coordination between business and policy. The U.S. State Department was not wholehearted or effective in backing O.C.I. The Iranians were disappointed when the O.C.I. contract failed to grease the wheels for a large loan from the World Bank. The British resented O.C.I.'s presence in Iran, and negotiations over the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.'s payments to the Shah's government became deadlocked. Since most of the money for the seven-year plan was supposed to come from these payments, the plan never got going.

Meanwhile, most O.C.I. officials in Teheran had become disgusted with corruption and inefficiency in the Iranian government. In recent weeks a traveler who asked a Teheran taxi driver to take him to the Seven-Year-Plan Building was likely to meet the question, "You mean the Seven-Hundred-Year Plan?" O.C.I., recognizing that its experts were costing the hard-pressed Iranian government money that it could ill afford to spend, two months ago offered to end the contract. Last week the government accepted the offer.

Chief lesson for all hands involved in last week's announcement of failure: U.S. business and government can possibly afford to fight at home, but abroad they cannot afford to ignore each other.

GERIATRICS: HELPING OLDER PEOPLE ENJOY LIFE LONGER



It has been aptly said that inside of every fat man is a thin man struggling to get out. Fat normally is present in many parts of the body and is vital to good health. But an excess accumulation of fat brings about a condition known as obesity. Prolonged obesity, besides being a burden on the individual, tends to impair the normal life span.

Small intestine

ABDOMINAL FAT in longitudinal section



Drawings by Jean E. Hirsch

Longer life for people past 40

Overweight comes from eating more food than the body needs—not from faulty glands, lack of exercise, family heredity, or the “settling down” of middle age.

Excessive weight—obesity—is a great shortener of human life. The same old heart, besides working harder to help carry those added pounds around, is called on to serve miles of extra blood vessels in the fatty tissue. Little wonder, then, that fat people are more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as likely to develop fatal heart trouble as those of normal weight. Coronary heart disease, in fact, results in part from deposits of excess fat (cholesterol) which clog the blood vessels. Diabetes kills overweight persons $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as often. Cancer prefers those with excess poundage. So does kidney trouble. Even accidents happen more often to fat people!

Obesity may well be the most pressing problem in American pre-

ventive medicine today. Fortunately, medical science has never before been so well equipped to help people attain—and retain—healthful weight. Your doctor can readily tell you what to do about your excess weight. His recommendations can help you find a formula for healthier, more energetic living.

Correction and prevention of many common disorders of later life, including obesity, are making great forward strides, thanks to geriatrics—the science of helping older people enjoy life longer. Of course, good health alone does not necessarily spell a comfortable and happy old age. Just as important to the enjoyment of those years is financial sol-

veny, based on a sound program of life insurance.

And because financial planning is vitally important to your future, it deserves the best advice you can find. Your NWNL agent has a strong personal interest in providing you exactly the right kind and amount of life insurance, measured by what you need and can afford, because he is paid not primarily for the amount he sells you but for the amount you keep in force. He can help you plan wisely for a financially comfortable future through life insurance.

FREE PAMPHLET: “*Fat Can Be Fatal*” tells of recent advances in prevention and treatment of obesity. Send for it.

NORTHWESTERN *National* LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Minneapolis

Minneapolis



THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Naval Operations

Argentina signed an agreement in Washington last week to buy two U.S. warships, the 10,000-ton light cruisers *Phoenix* and *Boise*. Classified as surplus, the two ships would cost Argentina only about 10% of their original price (\$16-\$18 million each), plus the expenses of reconditioning. The total bill: about \$7,800,000.

Earlier in the week, Brazil had taken up a similar offer to buy the cruisers *Philadelphia* and *St. Louis* for \$8,600,000. The ships will be rechristened *Almirante Barroso* and *Almirante Tamandaré*. Chile also signed to take over the cruisers *Brooklyn* and *Nashville** for \$8,900,000.

PUERTO RICO

Remembrance & Friendship

Mrs. Leslie Coffelt, widow of the Blair House guard killed in the attempted assassination of President Truman by Puerto Rican Nationalists last November, flew to Puerto Rico last week. There she received from the hand of Governor Luis Muñoz Marín a medal and a gift of \$4,816.59, made up of pennies given by Puerto Rican schoolchildren. Said Mrs. Coffelt: "I, like any other American, cannot hate a country for an act committed by one of its citizens. I shall always remember the kindness shown to me by the Puerto Rican people."

CUBA

Qualified Cleanup

"First they set up a giant brothel," goes the cynical Spanish saying, "then they built Havana around it."

Most Latin American cities restrict their prostitutes to segregated zones, small and well-policed. But from the sea-swept Malecón to the heights of Vibora, Havana's prostitutes are scattered in a dozen different districts. Counting crib occupants, streetwalkers, bar workers, nightclub pickups and the girls in well-appointed houses, their number has been estimated at around 10,000.

In recent decades, the heaviest concentration of girls has been in the shadowy, shuttered Barrio Colón, in the heart of the city. A quarter-century ago, one Minister of the Interior tried to clean up the district; he rounded up the hundreds of Frenchwomen who then monopolized the Barrio Colón and shipped them back to Europe. The only practical result was that a horde of grateful native operators moved in. Last week another Minister of the Interior, husky Lomberto Díaz, 40, was getting better results.

Until Díaz came along, hardly a night passed in the rollicking, jazzy, bawdy *barrio* without a drunken fight, a shooting



"EL TERRIBLE" Henry Wallace
He punctuated the Colón.

or a knifing. Under the conniving eyes of well-bribed cops, numbers-game runners and dope peddlers did a rich trade. From the doorways, women of all shades hawked their wares to a passing throng of awed countrymen, city slickers, roistering sailors and bottle-brave tourists.

Setting out to sweep all this away, Minister Díaz, a onetime journalist, earned himself a mocking nickname from the press: *Lomberto el Terrible*. Thundered Lomberto, undeterred: "If the criminal elements and the women victims they live off don't get out, I'll cut off their light and water, pack their furniture off to a city warehouse and jail any stragglers. We'll show them no mercy." His eviction tactics worked. By week's end, all but a corporal's guard of the women and their flashily dressed *chidos* (pimps) had pulled out of



GATICA (ON THE FLOOR)
He didn't like Ike.

the Barrio Colón. In its deserted streets the ring of hammers and the slap of paintbrushes replaced the shouts of merry-makers and the tinkling of glasses; property owners were following orders to clean up for new, respectable renters.

But Lomberto's victory had a predictable sequel. Most of the girls merely packed up and moved to different parts of town. Residents of other *barrios* became uneasily aware of various roving-eyed women strolling about, clutching bundles, violin cases, or even babies as camouflage.

ARGENTINA

Failure of a Mission

The Perón government recalled three of its diplomatic representatives from the U.S. last week. They were Heavyweight Boxer César Brín, Lightweight Boxer José Gatica and Gatica's manager, Nicolás Preziosa—all auxiliary consular officers of the 6th grade, attached to the New York consulate.

Like other muscle-minded Argentines before them,* the three athletic attachés had been sent to the U.S. with an official subsidy "to facilitate their sports activities," i.e., win championships for Argentina. But they had failed. Brín lost a listless ten-round bout to fading ex-Champ Joe Louis. Gatica was chilled in two minutes, nine seconds by Lightweight Champ Ike Williams.

Gatica, who was already in disfavor with the consulate, got hurry-up orders, and at week's end was back in Argentina. Brín was granted a few weeks' leeway, got an ordinary visitor's visa, and planned to try one more fight before going home.

CANADA

Fame, of a Sort

Albert Guay, 33, died on the gallows at Bordeaux jail in Montreal last week. During his last hours, the wavy-haired little jeweler wrapped himself in the same callous arrogance with which he had plotted the time-bomb murder of his wife—and 22 others—aboard a Quebec Airways plane 16 months ago. He methodically worked crossword puzzles in his death cell, looked up once to say to his guards: "At least I die famous."

Guay's execution, originally set for last June 23, had been postponed because Crown authorities thought he might be needed to testify in the trial of Bomber Genereux Ruest, who has been ordered hanged March 16. Guay was not called, however. At midnight, all hope gone, Guay heard a special Mass, then, repeating the chaplain's prayers in a loud voice, walked unassisted to the scaffold.

* Notably, handsome Lightweight Justo Antonio Suárez, who held rank equivalent to First Secretary of Embassy when he fought Billy Petrolle, the old "Puro Express," in 1937. First Secretary Suárez lasted nine rounds.

* On which General MacArthur made his return trip to the Philippines in October 1946.



"Vision is Indispensable to Progress"

They unlocked Davey Jones' locker and found a new oil frontier

The ghost of Jules Verne would chuckle over this:

Oil—after waiting 500-million years in the geologic traps of the Continental Shelf—is being produced from beneath the coastal waters of America.

For almost twenty years, oil fields were known to be hidden under the ocean depths. Yet it was not until recently that scientific research supplied the tools and the methods to tap the billions of barrels of crude believed to be locked in Davey Jones' Locker.

Today, miles from shore, strange-looking oil well "islands", specially designed to withstand 125-mph hurricane winds and 20-foot waves, are drawing oil from beneath U.S. coastal waters.

The dramatic development of marine drilling, however, is but one example of the oil industry's endless quest for increased knowledge of *where* oil is and *how* to extract it to help meet future demand...

Aerial surveys, using advanced equip-

ment to break down formidable geologic and geographic barriers, are charting possible oil deposits in formerly inaccessible swamps and jungles...

Pilot plants are experimenting with methods of squeezing oil from the shale of the western mountains. And, already, industrial research has found how to transform coal into petroleum...

Meanwhile, in the laboratories—where part of the oil industry's \$100,000,000-per-year research program is carried out—scientists are working hard to discover new uses for petroleum.

Today, petroleum is used in making some 1200 products—from lipstick and

linoleum to synthetic rubber and insect sprays. And, tomorrow, oil converted into many new products will help to meet other important needs of the public the oil industry serves.

The oil industry's spirit of progress—its atmosphere of enterprise—is typical of all American industry.

It is from our unfettered competitive system that America gains her impulse for progress—progress that has meant a progressively higher standard of living for millions of people... and which, in this time of uncertainty, helps America face with sober confidence the trials which confront all free people.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
NEW YORK

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



SINCLAIR LEWIS: 1885-1951

Sinclair Lewis once remarked that he wanted no ceremony at his funeral except the singing of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." The committee of prominent citizens which last week was making plans for Sinclair Lewis' funeral in his home town of Sauk Centre, Minn., did not find this suggestion appropriate. Even if they had, few of the Old Gang were left to remember the good old days when Sinclair Lewis was considered an unholy terror, the Scourge of Main Street, and hell's own foreign correspondent sent up to malign God's country.

The Civilized Barbarian. Sinclair Lewis' works have become period pieces. But in his prime, Lewis had no peer as a knocker of "homo Americanus." Sinclair Lewis wrote mainly about one man, George Follansbee Babbitt, of Zenith, the Zip town. George Babbitt was a helpless materialist whose one standard was money, a quivering conformist whose only security was found in the back-slapping approval of his fellow Rotarians. He lived in physical comfort greater than kings enjoyed in the past, but he rarely stopped to enjoy it, for he was a Hustler. He was ashamed of his secret dreams. He was an adolescent who had never grown up, a semi-civilized barbarian.

Most of Lewis' novels are variations of *Babbitt*. Sam Dodsworth (who seems to improve with age) is an upper-class Babbitt with more dignity and deeper insights ("he sometimes enjoyed Beethoven"). Elmer Gantry is a Babbitt with a clerical collar and the courage of his disbelief; "Buzz" Windrip (the American dictator in *It Can't Happen Here*) is Babbitt running amuck with a submachine gun.

Lewis dealt mostly in what one critic has called "the medium-priced emotions." He was unconsciously, gushingly funny when he wrote about love. His women were unconvincing, unpleasant or foolish. His one real hero was Dr. Martin Arrow-smith, a knight of the test tubes.

Lewis handled the English language almost as clumsily as Theodore Dreiser, and with less force; he marshaled as many fascinating minor characters as Sherwood Anderson, but his understanding of them did not approach Anderson's awkward but subtle sympathy. Lewis was a good reporter, with an eye for detail. His mimicry of American speech was sometimes an inspired burlesque; his humor was usually broad enough for a Rotary luncheon.

His anger was loud, general, and without clearly visible purpose. Ugliness made him angry, but esthetes made him laugh. Materialism enraged him, but the spiritual roused him to scorn. He was angry at social injustice, but the idea of reform bored him just as much. The source of his anger seemed to spring from his childhood in Sauk Centre, in which, to his intense disappointment, he could see no Lancelots and no shining castles. Usually mislabeled a realist or a satirist, he was really a disappointed romantic.

His great merit was that he gave the U.S. and the world a sense of the enduring strength (ugly or not) of Main Street; and that he made Americans on all main streets, including Babbitt, stop hustling long enough to wonder uneasily where they were going.

The Era of the Great Belch. Cried the hero of Lewis' second novel, *Our Mr. Wrenn*, a little Babbitt who managed to break out of his narrow life: "Let us be great lovers! Let us be mad! Let us stride over the hilltops!" Those were the sentiments on which Harry Sinclair Lewis, a doctor's son of New England ancestors, consciously patterned his life. He went to Yale, worked as janitor at Upton Sinclair's Socialist community of Helicon Hall in New Jersey, lived on rice in a California seaside cottage. In 1919, after publishing six conventional novels, all

failures, he set out to write what he called the "great American novel—highbrow and realistic."

In the U.S. it was a time of literary rebellion which came like a rude but welcome belch after a dull and heavy meal. Among the loudest belchers were famed Critics H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. At a Manhattan party one night, "Red" Lewis drunkenly embraced Mencken and Nathan and yelled: "So you guys are critics, are you? Well, let me tell you something, I'm the best goddam writer in this here goddam country . . ." Next day, after reading the proofs of *Main Street*, Mencken wrote to Nathan: "Grab hold of the bar-rail, steady yourself, and prepare for a terrible shock . . . That lump . . . by God, he has done the job . . . There is no justice in the world."

Main Street went through eleven printings in a few months. Lewis became one of the country's most prominent village atheists. In 1926, during a lecture in a Kansas City church, he

challenged "the fundamentalist God" to strike him dead within ten minutes if He existed.* He was divorced from his first wife, wooed Foreign Correspondent Dorothy Thompson all over Europe, including the Soviet Union, finally won her in 1928 (they were divorced 14 years later).

In 1930, Lewis became the first U.S. writer to win the Nobel Prize. In his famous acceptance speech, he lambasted the Babbitts of U.S. literature, but spoke with a warmth that readers had missed in his books about "the America that has mountains and endless prairies, enormous cities and lost farm cabins, billions of money and tons of faith . . ."

Booster of the Bourjoice. Red of hair and red of face, nervous, cadaverous, loud, looking (in the words of one observer) "corrugated, modest and oafish—a country-store type." Sinclair Lewis went on striding across the hills. But slowly, respectability, as it must to most rebels, came to Red Lewis. He became a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which he had derided and denounced. His home town graciously forgave his insults, made him its favorite

prodigal son. In a world of storm troopers and commissars, George Babbitt—and Red Lewis—did not look like such bad fellows after all. In *The Prodigal Parents*, Babbitt (this time called Fred Complow) was finally canonized by his creator. Wrote Lewis: "He is the eternal bourgeois, the bourjoice, the burgher . . . and when he changes his mind, that crisis is weightier than Waterloo or Thermopylae." Sinclair Lewis, Knocker, had turned into Sinclair Lewis, Booster.

In the century's calm decades, he had been a firebrand; in the chaotic years after World War II, he became a quiet, transatlantic commuter, a familiar figure in Florence, living at last amid the palaces he had longed for. But like Sam Dodsworth (whom he reintroduced in his last novel, *World So Wide*, now appearing in the *Woman's Home Companion*), Lewis no longer felt at home anywhere, amid the alien marble or the native corn. Last week he died in a Roman nursing home at 65, attended only by his doctor and Franciscan nurses. The good sisters reported to the press that Lewis had repeatedly said: "I am happy. God bless you."

He was not a great writer, nor even a very good one; but he hit the U.S. hard in its solar plexus, immortalized a national character, and added several household words to the American language.

* With the better dramatist's appreciation of how long an audience would sit still, the late Bernard Shaw in a similar experiment gave God only three minutes.



Eric Schaal—Fitz

PEOPLE



Bob Landry—Life

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
He floats.

The Formative Years

Washington Post Music Critic Paul Hume, whose opinion of daughter Margaret's singing last month prompted Harry Truman to take angry pen in hand, felt the sting of some critical grapesot himself. After Hume narrated Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* for a National Symphony children's concert in Constitution Hall, the Post printed a frank opinion by six-year-old Critic Frank Manola: "He doesn't sound like Basil Rathbone on my *Peter and the Wolf* records. He sounds more like Phil Harris on the radio."

Now 18, getting a divorce, and called by Hollywood columnists "The Sad Siren," Cinemactress Elizabeth Taylor found that she had lost her appetite, was tense before mealtime, and suffered after-eating aches & pains. Said her doctor: a clear case of incipient ulcers.

World War I Ace Eddie Rickenbacker appeared at a Manhattan recruiting office, his face wrinkled with pleasure, to help swear in, as an Air Force cadet, his younger son, William F. Rickenbacker, 22.

Michelle Farmer, 18, dark-haired daughter of Gloria Swanson, announced that she was serious about acting, and planned to stay indefinitely in London to study the British theater: "I have a fear of anyone rising too quickly, and I don't care if it takes me 20 years to get to the top."

Having been in the limelight herself for several years, Shorman Douglas, 22, daughter of the former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was off to pound a \$125-a-week Hollywood typewriter and turn the beam on someone else. The job: helping RKO publicize Cinemactress Jean Simmons.

Words & Music

Polish-born Pola Negri, 51, heavy-lidded vamp of the silent screen, who first came to the U.S. in 1922, appeared last week in a Los Angeles federal court to take her final oath as a U.S. citizen. She was now busy, she said, writing her autobiography to be called, *As Much As I Dare*.

At New York City's Idlewild Airport, an alert photographer spotted a dangerous stowaway: a yellow-snouted beetle, 2-in. long, which was crawling along the coat collar of incoming Conductor Serge Koussevitzky, Department of Agriculture inspectors hastily popped the bug into a vial of alcohol, sent it to Washington for identification. Last week the bug experts reported: it was "a formidable pest," a member of the *Larinus* family, which lives mainly in France and Italy, is sure death to thistles and artichokes.

For safety's sake, Captain Charles R. Pilcher of the liner *Rangitoto* offered to lower a lifeboat when he learned that a passenger, the Most Rev. Dr. Geoffrey F. Fisher, 63, Archbishop of Canterbury, wanted to go ashore in Panama and planned to leave the ship via the jouncing boarding ladder. The sure-footed prelate declined the lifeboat, when he learned that the captain was partially worried about the ship's safety record, dashed off a limerick for the occasion:

*Captain Pilcher sat glum and alone
And muttered with heart-rending moan:
"The archbishop will float
If he falls out the boat,
While my fortunes will sink like a
stone."*

After weeks of dickering in Manhattan, the National Broadcasting Co. reached a



Associated Press

POLA NEGRI
She dores.



Associated Press

RISÉ STEVENS
She bathes.

tentative agreement for a dozen radio and television shows with Margaret Truman as either a singer or comedienne for guest appearances. Reported salary: between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a show.

In San Francisco, New York Philharmonic Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos explained why he did not bother to use a score when conducting: "Does a lion tamer enter a cage with a book on 'How to Tame a Lion'?"

After a sliver of glass hit her right eye during the goblet-smashing scene in *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mezzo-Soprano Risé Stevens carried on to the end of the act. During intermission she had the splinter removed. Then, relying on a boric-acid eye bath, she turned down an unglamorous bandage, sang through the last act.

Change of Scene

After being divorced by seven wives, Asbestos Heir Tommy Manville, 56, announced that this time he was the one who would go West and file for divorce. Said No. 8, British-born Georgina Campbell, 32: "I think he'll feel better about it if he brings the suit. It's better for him psychologically. He always felt that women were running away from him."

Arthur Godfrey fans would not be seeing their freckle-faced favorite on TV screens for a while. He was off for a short tour as a reserve officer in the Navy, would take a refresher course at Pensacola, Fla. before doing a fortnight's tour of duty at General Eisenhower's headquarters in Europe. After that, said Godfrey, he would doff his commander's uniform and come back to his audience with some thoughts on world conditions.

THE THEATER



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Information and

New Play in Manhattan

Darkness at Noon (adapted by Sidney Kingsley from Arthur Koestler's novel; produced by the Playwrights' Company) dramatizes, on the whole, very well. Not only does much of it prove dramatic on the stage, but the drama has been bought at a sense-making price. The play keeps faith with the book: the brushwork is necessarily broader, but the framework has been kept intact. It remains a vivid memento of the Moscow trials, a sharp probing of the Communist mind.

Kingsley's N. S. Rubashov is, like

systematically ignores the human factor can preserve a human form. As a play, *Darkness at Noon* manages, by means of flashbacks and a divided stage, to convey Rubashov's relations with various party members and inquisitors. What is chiefly lost in the theater is Rubashov's relations with himself. The story also slumps here and there, and the love element—though politically pertinent—often has a familiar, rather bourgeois look.

In the extremely long role of Rubashov, Claude Rains gives a brilliant performance, nicely counterpointed by Walter J. Palance's chilling Gletkin.



CLAUDE RAINS & WALTER J. PALANCE
Can absolutist ideas exist without absolutist methods?

Koestler's, a fallen intellectual commissar whose own harsh weapons have been turned against him. He will soon be shot, but, because of his importance, he must be made to confess his "crimes." He remains the old-line Bolshevik who does confess, who does die a Communist, though the Communism he dies for is not his own.

The drama here—beyond the simple one of prisoner and police—is that between one of prisoner generation and another. On the one hand are the pre-Stalinist revolutionaries, Rubashov and his cynical inquisitor Ivanov—men who only closed their minds after philosophy had opened them; who abandoned all morality for what seemed to them moral reasons; who were Communists enough to denounce pity, but men enough to understand it. On the other hand, there is the young, completely Sovietized Gletkin whose fanaticism signifies not intensity of feeling but all inability to feel, who is more mechanism than organism—Rubashov's ideological offspring who murders his father.

Darkness at Noon has managed to appeal to the mind in the theater, and not simply to inflame the emotions; to ask whether absolutist ideas can exist without absolutist methods, whether life which

Heavy on the Red

Trying to get rich by backing a musical show is like betting the bankroll on the daily double. Despite the odds, American Legion officials got the notion about two years ago that the Legion could make some money backing a touring revue. The result, a flag-waving extravaganza called *Red, White and Blue*, was weary, flat, stale and exceedingly unprofitable.

Backed by \$300,000 in Legion funds, the show opened last October in Los Angeles. It was a professional production but an obvious flop. It wheezed eastward, losing money steadily, except in such Legion strongholds as Indianapolis and Topeka. In Chicago, the Legionnaires decided not to let the deficit get any bigger. This week the show folded up.

If it had beaten the odds by breaking even, *Red, White and Blue* would have been just another lackluster revue. But it lost at least \$600,000, and thereby achieved a certain distinction. Except for 1926's *The Ladder*, which a free-spending angel kept running through two Broadway seasons in a nearly empty theater, *Red, White and Blue* was the costliest flop in U.S. theatrical history.

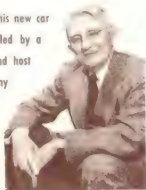
HERE'S THE NEW 1951 CAR

*New Inside... New Outside
with a Completely New Kind of Ride*

"WHEN I FIRST SAW this new 1951 car, its smart look, its new engineering advances made me put it in the expensive car class," says Ted Williams, baseball's great left-handed slugger.



Now The Secret's Out! In previews of this new car men and women in all walks of life were thrilled by a completely new riding principle, new styling and host of engineering improvements... amazed that any car offering so much, could cost so little.



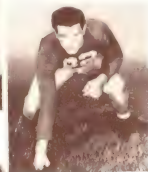
"I THINK I KNOW what influences people, and this new car will do it," says Duke Carnegie, famous author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living."



"IT'S EXCITING TO LOOK AT and exciting to drive," says the beautiful young movie star, Joan Evans. "A car certain to win the hearts of young America." Miss Evans stars in the SAMUEL GOLDWYN production "EDGE OF DOOM."



"IT'S SO BIG, SO ROOMY and with greater visibility for every passenger," says Betty Hutton, famous for her own exuberant way of putting over a song, "and so luxuriously appointed inside and out."



BIG, HUSKY LEON HART, famous All-American football star, says, "This car is bound to score big! It has the extra room a fellow my size needs. I can ride without feeling crowded." Hart overestimated its price by hundreds of dollars.

"HERE'S FRESH YOUTHFUL STYLING that's bound to set a fashion trend," says Dorothy Lamour, famous screen star noted for her good taste and keen appreciation of beauty. "It's so sleek, so good-looking outside, so smartly styled inside."



"Soon to be seen in Cecil B. DeMille's 'The Greatest Show on Earth,' a Paramount Release. Color by Technicolor."

"I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE a car offering so much in the way of smart lines, economy and ruggedness could sell at so low a price," says John Robert Powers, discoverer of countless cover girls and top-flight fashion models.



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The Inevitable

In college after crowded college last week, professors began to notice empty seats in the lecture rooms. Hundreds of men students, facing the same uncertainties, were choosing the same solution. They were putting down their books and heading for the recruiting stations.

Some of the new recruits gave unexpected reasons for what they had done. "It was patriotism," said a new marine from Modesto (Calif.) Junior College, "plus the fact that I couldn't get along with my wife." Others, like Harvard Senior Robert H. Young Jr., 24, who wanted to be an Army paratrooper, were merely "bored with college." But the great majority of them simply saw the inevitable draft coming and wanted to choose their branch of service before it was too late to choose.

In one two-day period, the University of Texas had lost 130 students. By last week the University of Wisconsin had lost more than 200, the University of Maryland more than 130. Many had become apathetic about studies they doubted they would ever complete. The University of Oklahoma reported that 60% of its students had ended the fall semester with unsatisfactory grades. Other schools found interest flagging in everything but R.O.T.C.

Until Congress made up its mind on a new draft law (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the colleges hardly knew what advice to give their students, so the rush to enlist was likely to continue. Meanwhile, with varying degrees of alarm, educators were trying to guess what enrollments they may have when Congress finally does write a new law. Director Guy Snavely of the Association of American Colleges predicted that the number of men students might drop 80%. Other educators, though still gloomy, thought the figure exaggerated. Most expected a drop of about 35%. The American Council on Education in Washington said 15%. The National Education Association's guess: 25%.

"One of the Liveliest"

If students at the University of California (founded 1868) ever took it into their heads to toss rotten eggs at a commencement speaker, people in the U.S. and around the world would know what to think: it would be the final, but not unexpected, proof of U.S. cultural barbarism. At the University of Glasgow (founded 1451), students have been throwing things for generations, have made public uproar an honored tradition. A visiting Frenchman once called Glasgow's men "the greatest bunch of savages in Europe," and Glaswegians took it as a compliment. Last week, stimulated by both the university's 500th anniversary and Scotland's hullaaloo over the Stone of Destiny, the Glasgow savages outdid themselves.

EDUCATION

When Scottish Nationalist Dr. John MacCormick, Glasgow's new rector (TIME, Oct. 30), stood up to make his acceptance speech in St. Andrew's Halls, he was greeted with a shower of overripe tomatoes, firecrackers, toilet paper and bursting flour sacks. His address, which he manfully finished in spite of it all, was punctuated by the blare of trumpets, sirens and whistles. One student dressed in long underwear ran on to the stage bearing a torch; later, someone released a quacking duck at MacCormick's feet. Two other students stretched a rope across the auditorium, did acrobatics in mid-air.

Rector MacCormick plowed on about



RECTOR MACCORMICK & GLASWEGIANS
Quack! Quack!

home rule for Scotland, even after a couple of faculty members, hit by rotten eggs, gave up and withdrew. When it was all over, MacCormick dabbed at egg and tomato stains on his robes, said tersely: "One of the liveliest installations I've ever seen."

The Doctors

Every year, with ceremonial flourishes, U.S. colleges and universities hand out some 1,500 honorary degrees. Who gets them? To answer the question. Teachers Stephen E. Epler and P. H. Putnam of Portland, Ore. examined the records of seven major campuses.* last week published their findings in *School and Society*.

In the four years after World War II, Epler and Putnam found, the seven schools gave out 244 honorary degrees—a

74% increase over their average yearly rate in the 1920s. Nearly half the degrees went to scholars, scientists and educators. Businessmen, who seldom if ever got degrees before the Civil War, now get a modest 8%. Generals and admirals (10%) have had the biggest postwar boom. Clergymen are slipping; a century ago they made up 45% of the *honoris causa* list, after World War II, 5%.

Follow Citizens

In the postwar re-examination of the U.S. public school system, no state is ahead of Connecticut. In their separate cities and towns, 85 different citizens' groups have been organized to find out what their schools need, and then get action started. Cause of all the activity: a five-man fact-finding commission appointed two years ago by Governor Chester Bowles and headed by Norwalk Commuter Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Last week Cousins & Co.* summed up what school-minded Connecticut citizens had learned and what they were doing about it.

After analyzing their population trends, more than half the towns found they would have to do some building. Farmington, for instance, decided it needed 18 new classrooms. East Haddam set out to build a new high school. To advertise its own plight, Stamford, which has hundreds more pupils than it has proper facilities for, put on a public mock trial: the People v. Miss Double Sessions.

Like a good many other towns, Westport concluded that its salary scale (\$2,400-\$4,500) would have to be raised. Westport was shocked to find that 69% of its family-supporting teachers were working at part-time jobs after hours to make ends meet. Hartford was concerned to find that only 69% of its boys & girls finish high school set about interviewing drop-outs all over town to find out why.

While the 85 cities and towns were examining themselves, the commission was looking at Connecticut as a whole. Among its recommendations: a string of community colleges, a system of state scholarships, reorganization of school districts to streamline administration. The commission also suggested higher salaries for teachers, a state TV station strictly for education, and a re-examination of "the whole question of homework."

The 53rd Language

In the 70 years since Author Carlo Collodi of Tuscany invented Pinocchio and told his story in Italian, children all over the world have come to know the

* Merlin Bishop of Avon, international representative of the United Auto Workers. C.I.O.; Carl A. Gray of Farmington, manufacturer of electronics equipment; Mrs. Robert Mahoney of Hartford, trustee of the University of Connecticut; Mrs. Clifford F. Thompson of Wallingford, merline state president of the P.T.A.



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long-nosed puppet and his kindly maker, Geppetto. His adventures—from the day the old woodcarver hewed him out of a log to the morning he turned into a real, live boy—have been told in 52 languages. In Italy last week, Puppet Pinocchio was going through his paces in Language No. 53: a breezy but excellent Latin.

The newest Pinocchio (*Pinoculus* this time) sold 6,000 copies in a month, and schoolmasters all over Italy were ordering more. Even the Vatican's top classicist, Monsignor Antonio Bacci, was plugging the book as something that Latin teachers have always needed—an easy bridge between grammar and the classics. "Here," said Monsignor Bacci, "at last is something."

To keep his version lively, Translator Enrico Maffiini modeled his dialogue on the colloquial Latin of Plautus (died 184 B.C.), and from the first "*Fuit quondam*



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PINOCULUS ET AMICUS

"*Quam dulcis vita!*"

... (Once upon a time), the adventures of Pinoculus move as swiftly as ever. He is set upon by bandits who demand his money or his life ("*Emitte nummos aut morere!*"), and later decide to hang him ("*Suspendamus!*"). He is robbed, imprisoned ("*Subito in carcerem mittite,*" cries the judge), encounters a "*horridum serpente*," is nearly eaten alive by a fisherman who thinks he is a crawfish.

After these "*calamitates!*" Pinoculus runs off to "Toy Land" (*Crepundiosia*), where there are no schools ("*Scholae non sunt!*") and the walls of the houses bear "Down with arithmetic!" slogans and other "*flores sententiarum.*"

Pinoculus thinks this is a wonderful life ("*O quam dulcis vita!*"), until he is turned into a donkey. Later, after being thrown into the sea to drown and being swallowed by a terrible shark ("*Ehi, mihi misero,*" he wails in the black stomach), he finally gets back home and, as a reward for his general goodness, turns into a boy. "Oh," says Pinoculus, "how ridiculous I was when I was a puppet—*Quam deridiculus apparui, donec pupulus fueram.*"

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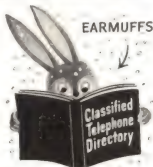
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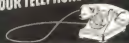
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MUSIC

Texan to San Antonio

When the doctors told him last month to give his heart a rest, San Antonio Symphony Conductor Max Reiter, 45, paused long enough to make sure that the orchestra he had built from scratch (TIME, July 14, 1947) would carry on in good hands. As guest conductor, he recommended Victor Alessandro, 35, Texas-born conductor of the Oklahoma City Symphony. Max Reiter's condition was more serious than he thought; within a week he was dead.

Last week, mightily pleased with Texan Alessandro, and with Max Reiter's wishes in mind, the San Antonio Symphony Society gave their guest conductor a three-year contract.

Oklahomans were sorry to see Alessandro go. After studying in Rome and Salzburg, he had headed back to the Southwest. At 22, he had taken the WPA-supported Oklahoma State Symphony in hand, built it into a self-supporting outfit (with 4,500 subscribers) that any state could be proud of. Said *Daily Oklahoman* Critic Tracy Silvester last week: "In an area that has run pretty much to hillbilly and jukebox renditions, he has developed a literate orchestra [public] through sheer grit in presenting only what he thought was good music."

In San Antonio. Conductor Alessandro will have a tradition to carry on, but it should come easy. Max Reiter was a zealot for contemporary music; so is Alessandro. With his Oklahomans last year, Alessandro put on a 13-week series of music by 20th Century composers.

Conductor Alessandro's new job puts him a rung up the ladder as U.S. conductorships go (he will have \$320,000 to spend on San Antonio's symphony and op-

era seasons, as compared to \$157,000 at Oklahoma City). Says Alessandro: "There comes a time in a musical career when a change is best. You never know when this will be—there are no Drew Pearsons in the musical world. But it is best for the orchestra as well as the conductor."

Thorn in the Flesh

Vienna's Eduard Hanslick was the most fearless and most feared music critic of his day (1825-1904), and one of the most justly renowned of all time. Writing for the last 30 years of his career in *Die Neue Freie Presse*, he had contemporary subjects worthy of his talents: Franz Liszt, Clara Schumann, Anton Rubinstein, Joseph Joachim, Richard Wagner, Johannes Brahms and Giuseppe Verdi. A trained musician and respectable pianist himself, Critic Hanslick was sometimes caustic, but he was always careful. His claim was that "I never criticized a composition that I had not read or played through, both before and after the performance."

A selection of Hanslick's criticism, published under the title *Vienna's Golden Years of Music* (Simon & Schuster; \$3.75), shows how close, even in the heat of battle, the old critic came to the mark.

Measured Gravity. One of the greats who got an unwelcome notice was Franz Liszt. After Liszt dropped his dazzling career as a pianist to compose his bombastic symphonic poems (*Tasso, Les Preludes, Mazeppa*), Hanslick wrote with measured gravity: "The musical world has suffered, in the virtuoso's abdication, a loss which the composer's succession can hardly compensate." Liszt stuck to his composing, but the verdict of time supports Critic Hanslick.

Hanslick knew what he liked, and could



HANSLICK LECTURING WAGNER (A CONTEMPORARY CARTOON)

At best, a decorative genius.

The Bettmann Archive



The Bettmann Archive

MARIE ANTOINETTE At bottom, three chords.

tell why. He admired Clara Schumann because her playing "is a most truthful representation of magnificent compositions, but not an outpouring of a magnificent personality . . . Everything is distinct, clear, sharp as a pencil sketch." But if Hanslick had never written a word about any other musician, his place in musical history would still be secure as the sharpest thorn in the sensitive flesh of Richard Wagner.

Fatal Potion. As late as *Tannhäuser* (1845), Hanslick considered Wagner "the greatest dramatic talent among all contemporary composers." But with *Lohengrin*, and Wagner's pronouncements about his "music of the future," Hanslick became disenchanted. He could not stomach Wagner's "exclusion of the purely human factor in favor of gods, giants, dwarfs, and their various magic arts." To Hanslick, drama should "present us with real characters, persons of flesh and blood, whose fate is determined by their own passions and decisions." He complained that even in *Tristan* the two principal characters are "governed by a chemical power, the fatal love potion."

Hanslick began to find Wagner "neither a great musician nor a great poet. He can be called at best . . . a decorative genius." His instrumentation, the critic wrote, "with its clever use of tone colors and its elastic application to the text . . . is what makes Wagner's music seem dazzlingly new, exotic and fabulous, and completely acceptable to many listeners as a substitute for real music."

Wagner retaliated with calculated insult. At a party, with Hanslick present, Wagner read aloud the libretto of his *Die Meistersinger*. In Wagner's reading, the doddering fool now known in the opera as Beckmesser was called "Hanslick." The two men never spoke again. But the insult left Hanslick's judgment unruffled when it came time to review

Die Meistersinger. He found some things worth praising and praised them. In his story of "these artisans of Nuremberg, with their simple philistine adventures and plain doggerel verses," Wagner had "returned from his abstruse submarine and superterranean legends to the real theater."

New Pop Records

As a girl, France's Queen Marie Antoinette took music lessons from Composer Christoph Gluck, may have tried her hand at composing herself. One little number, *Chanson de Marie Antoinette*, based on a melody supposedly by the Queen, has long been part of the standard vocal repertory. Last week, revamped and renamed *My Heart Cries for You*, the *Chanson* had become 1951's first big hit. Its sprightly tempo had been slowed by Conductor-Composer Percy Faith to a lazy waltz, and its elegant tale of pastoral courtship changed to a monotonous lover's lament.⁹ Result: the song is a favorite with crooners, hillbilly specialists and barroom baritones. Six of its eleven recorded versions (including those by Guy Mitchell, Dinah Shore and Jimmy Wakely) are listed on *Billboard* and *Variety* popularity charts.

Adapter Faith thinks he knows why Marie Antoinette's old song has done so well. Analyzing dozens of such popular favorites as *The Last Roundup* and *Don't Fence Me In*, he has concluded that "practically all of them are made up of the same three chords: tonic, dominant and subdominant. People like to hear those chords whether they know what they are or not. The little French tune had the chords. The rest was easy."

Other new pop records:

Bobby Hockett Jazz Session (Columbia; 2 sides LP). One of the best of the trumpeters blows his sweet and hot way through such stand-bys as *A Room with a View* and *Royal Garden Blues*.

Guys and Dolls (Decca; 2 sides LP). With no topnotch singers and some out & out croakers, this original-cast recording of the Broadway hit still manages to be great fun.

A Treasury of Immortal Performances (Victor; 6 vols. 45 r.p.m.). To match Caruso, Paderewski and Kreisler in its classical *Treasury* series, Victor has combed its old jazz and pop files, reissued such collector's items as Fats Waller's *Honeysuckle Rose*, Bunny Berigan's *In a Mist*, Benny Goodman's *Goodbye*.

If (Perry Como; Victor, 45 r.p.m.). Como gives his usual relaxed treatment to a climbing new ballad (no kin to Kipling's *If*) that sounds a little like the old wedding favorite, *Because*.

You Go to My Head (Tallulah Bankhead; Columbia). For her debut as a pop singer, Tallulah has borrowed Marlene Dietrich's sub-basement baritone and German accent with results that will please curio collectors if not musicians.

* Sample:

*My heart cries for you,
Sicks for you,
Dies for you . . .*

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RELIGION

Worldly Rotary

Into the international organization of 7,200 businessmen's groups called Rotary,* the Vatican last week dropped a stick of ecclesiastical high explosive. No Roman Catholic priest, decreed the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, may henceforth be a member of Rotary or attend Rotary meetings. Furthermore, laymen, while not, forbidden Rotary membership, were exhorted to bear in mind Article 684 of canon law. Excerpt: "The faithful . . . must guard against associations which are secret, condemned, seditious, suspect, or which try to escape legitimate church vigilance."

The 342,000 Rotarians in 83 lands, who hold luncheon meetings once a week, call each other by their first names and fraternize under the motto *Service Above Self*, are not used to thinking of themselves as secret, seditious or suspect. Founded 45 years ago, Rotary was the brain child of a young Chicago lawyer, Paul P. Harris, who thought of it as a social club of businessmen with "an especial advantage in each member having exclusive representation of his particular trade or profession. The members would be mutually helpful."

Condemnable Monopoly. Rotary could take in its stride the lampooning it got in *Babbitt* from the late novelist Sinclair Lewis (see p. 36), but the Vatican's blow was something else. Puzzled Rotarians in the U.S.—Catholic as well as Protestant—reacted with a stunned and unanimous "Why?" Some remembered a campaign against Rotary waged in 1928-29 by Rome's potent Jesuit magazine, *Civiltà Cattolica*. In many countries, the magazine charged, Rotary was altogether too friendly with the Masons, and was dangerously prone to the error of treating all religions as of equal value.

In answer to newsmen's questions, the Vatican last week indicated that the ban did not apply specifically to such other groups as Kiwanis, Lions, and Elks. Priestly membership in such clubs was merely discouraged because they are "worldly" and a possible source of "distraction from the priestly mission."

As for laymen, a Holy Office spokesman noted: "Though in many cases, especially in America, [the clubs] are carrying on the laudable activity of assistance, nevertheless sometimes there is undue devotion to monopolistic capitalism, and monopoly is condemnable, on both Christian and social grounds, as an offence against charity. The fact that non-members of Rotary Clubs are sometimes excluded from the benefits which Providence meant for all men . . . amounts to a condemnable monopoly."

When the Pope Speaks. Most U.S. Rotarians felt that there must be some mistake. Said the president of Rotary Inter-



PRESIDENT LAGUEUX
The club has no secrets.

national, Arthur Lagueur, a Quebec investment broker and a Roman Catholic: "Rotary is not a secret organization. It does not seek to supplant or interfere with any religious or political organization. It assumes that its program of service is in accord with all religions, and it does not concern itself with a Rotarian's politics."

Indiana's Bishop John F. Noll, a charter member of the Huntington (Ind.) Rotary Club (whose current president is a priest), said he was certain the Vatican had been misinformed about Rotary in the U.S., and that it would withdraw its ban on ecclesiastical memberships once the



BISHOP NOLL
The Vatican was misinformed.

matter had been explained. Father John Fullerton, director of Toronto's Catholic Charities, said he would not drop his membership in Rotary until officially informed of the decree. Father Thomas F. Nenon of Memphis said: "I can't understand it at all. I can't see anything in Rotary contrary to the laws of the church."

Meanwhile, at least one member of the North American hierarchy began to put the new order into effect. Montreal's Archbishop Paul-Émile Léger, said to be slated to be Canada's next cardinal, forbade priests in his archdiocese to participate in any Rotary or "neutral" club, explained: "It is not up to me to interpret the Pope's announcements. When the Pope speaks, Catholics have nothing else to do but accept his directives."

Trouble in Alton

Ernest John G. Gill looked like just the man to take care of the Unitarian Church in the quiet, well-kept town of Alton, Ill. (pop. 32,000), on the bluffs of the Mississippi River. At Harvard, John Gill had written his Ph.D. thesis on Elijah Parish Lovejoy, the fiery Abolitionist minister and editor who was beaten to death by an Alton mob in 1837.

For six years John Gill and Alton got along, but beneath the tranquil surface, trouble threatened. Like many another small town in southern Illinois, Alton ignores a state law, on the books since the 1880s, and segregates its Negro children in public schools below high-school level.

All went well until last year, when Unitarian Gill began to see local conditions in terms of black & white. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was fighting segregation in Alton's schools, and Gill was openly in the anti-segregation fight. One day 175 Negro boys & girls tried to register at five grade schools and two junior high schools. Gill organized his fellow ministers to supervise the demonstration and prevent trouble. When crosses in the Ku Klux Klan tradition were burned on the riverfront to intimidate the Negroes, Gill's pulpit denunciation, and a newspaper statement which 17 other ministers signed, were the only voices in Alton raised publicly in opposition.

Last September the board of his church (one of the few Unitarian congregations which re-elects its ministers each year) voted 46 to 25 not to rehire "trouble-making" Minister Gill. The decision had nothing to do with Gill's outspoken stand on the racial issue, the board explained. But last week, after a stiff letter from the Rev. Robert Raible, president of the Unitarian Ministers' Association, the Alton church board found it advisable to pledge that 1) its ministers would never be required to consult with the church board before taking a stand on anything; 2) the practice of annual re-election (or rejection) of ministers would be discontinued; 3) racial equality was something the board "believed in."

Last week Minister Gill was looking for another parish, and Negro children were still segregated in Alton's elementary schools.

* From its original custom of rotating meeting places, and the practice of rotating business among members.



Kidd stuff, by today's standards

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"If you mean the retirement fund we've started, that's simply because we both like comfort. And I want to make sure we'll always have it."

"... To me, it's one more proof of your thoughtfulness."

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The Silent Sex

Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman ...

—Old Jewish prayer

Women, notably Ruth and Esther, have figured prominently and heroically in Jewish history, but not in the temple or synagogue. The Apostle Paul, a Pharisee, carried the male tradition of Judaism over into Christianity when he wrote: "Women should keep silent in the churches. For they are not permitted to speak, but should be subordinated, even as the law says."

In Meridian, Miss. last week, a woman became spiritual leader of the congregation of Temple Beth Israel, the second largest Jewish community in the state. Mrs. Paula Ackerman, 57, widow of Rabbi



Religious News Service
PAULA ACKERMAN
Paul disapproved.

William Ackerman, was appointed by the trustees to take over her late husband's duties until a regular rabbi can be found for the post. Though she may not become a rabbi, because she has not fulfilled the educational requirements, Mrs. Ackerman, leader of a 100-member Reform congregation, is the first woman in the U.S. to execute a rabbi's functions.

Said Rabbi Maurice Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (Reform): "Women should not be denied the privilege of ordination ... There is nothing in the practice and principles of Liberal Judaism which precludes the possibility of a woman serving as a rabbi."

Mrs. Ackerman herself is hopeful that her appointment may serve as a milestone of Reform Judaism. Said she: "I have accepted this assignment ... with the greatest humility ... I am glad to pioneer in this movement, which we hope may lead to the ordination of women."



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How many kinds of hose keep a steel mill

Behind the scenes in any busy steel mill you'll find hose hard at work—more kinds than you can imagine, many of them doing surprisingly difficult jobs. For example, hose is used to pipe water to cool furnace doors and must withstand radiated heat from the 3000-degree molten steel nearby. To do this, the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—recommends using special furnace door hose, which far outlasts ordinary hose because it's built to cope with high heat.

You'll find many another type of hose in a steel mill, too. Welding hose, paint spray hose, sand blast hose, all are used in the fabricating departments. Acid suction hose, fuel handling hose, boiler cleaning hose—all told, no less than 18 major types of hose are found in most steel mills.

For each job, many factors control the selection of the right hose—such as the material to be handled, the temperature, the pressure and all other service conditions. That's why so

many steel mills—and plants in other industries as well—turn to the G.T.M. for help in selecting hose.

The G.T.M. knows hose best. He can pick from the more than 800 types of hose made by Goodyear to find the one combination of materials and construction that's right for each specific

GOODYEAR

THE GREAT

Is it humming?

problem. So wherever you use hose—special purpose or standard types, handling anything from acid to water—he can assure you longest service at the lowest possible cost in the long run. Write the G.T.M. today, c/o Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD" — Every Sunday — ABC Network

GOODYEAR
BEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR INDUSTRIAL RUBBER PRODUCTS

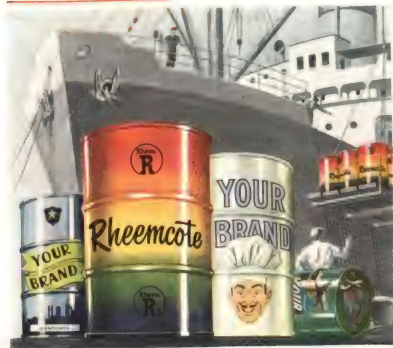
-Specified

HOSE FOR THE STEEL INDUSTRY

- FIRE HOSE**—chemical hose, water hose, engine suction hose
- WATER HOSE**—flexible, service, garden hose, hot water hose for boiler cleaning
- AIR HOSE**—flexible, service, engine suction hose
- STEEL HOSE**—flexible, service, engine suction hose
- HYDRAULIC HOSE**—flexible, service, engine suction hose
- WELDING HOSE**—flexible, service, engine suction hose
- PAINT SPRAY HOSE**—flexible, service, engine suction hose
- STEAM HOSE**—flexible, service, engine suction hose
- FURNACE DOOR HOSE**—special design for handling hot water
- ACID SUCTION HOSE**—for moving acids

FOR HOSE, FLAT BELTS, V-BELTS, MOLDED GOODS, PACKING, TANK LINING, RUBBER-COVERED ROLLS built to the world's highest standard of quality, phone your nearest Goodyear Industrial Rubber Products Distributor.

New Rheemcote drum **PROMOTES** as it Protects!



World-famous
for Steel
Shipping
Containers,
Automatic Water
Heaters and Forced-
air Heating Systems

R
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M

Color Schemes, Trademarks and Designs now may be lithographed on big, 55-gallon steel shipping containers—as accurately and attractively as the packages on your grocer's shelf.

The Exclusive New Rheemcote Process permits uniform decorating of all-sized containers . . . offers safe, lower-cost packaging for products which, up to now, have been difficult to contain.

Roller-Coated Lacquer Linings safeguard interior purity . . . new "resistance" welding eliminates scale and burn-off metal . . . the lustrous exterior finish resists weather and handling.

Billboard Your Products and Name before the eyes of the world! Rheemcote offers users of steel shipping containers revolutionary opportunities for brand promotion and product protection.

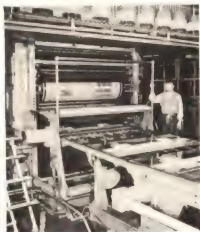
World's Largest Maker of steel shipping containers; Rheem plants, located in key marketing areas, are equipped to offer fast, dependable service on any steel pail or drum packaging need.

PACKAGING

55-Gallon Salesman

Last spring, the world's first 55-gallon steel drum to be lithographed in full color flashed down the line at Rheem Manufacturing Company's New Orleans plant. Rheem had begun in earnest to cash in on its 1949 investment of over a million dollars to develop color lithography and precision inner linings for 55-gallon steel shipping containers. The exclusive Rheemcote process was realizing its aim: to make colorful steel salesmen out of the once drab steel drum.

Reception of the process when it was unveiled last May was overwhelming. Brand-conscious manufacturers envisioned uniformity in package decoration from smallest to largest containers. Makers of corrosive, hard-to-contain products eagerly eyed anti-corrosive and sanitary Rheemcote interior linings: saw that the tough, cheap steel drum could replace less durable and often costlier special packages.



World's Largest Metal-Decorating Press

Early this year, newly installed Rheemcote equipment will roll out the barrel coast to coast, from all of Rheem's seven U. S. container plants. Presses, roller coaters and oven equipment were ordered in sizes never before built. Handling and fabricating machinery was specially designed to form lithographed, lined steel sheets into drums, without marring either surface.

This development, and the new merchandising opportunities it created, marked a fitting climax to Rheem's first quarter century. In that span, the firm licked a depression, spread across the nation and the world, built a thriving home appliance business in automatic water heaters and forced-air heating systems; opened new sales horizons for steel shipping containers.

With products and facilities that are fundamental to home and industry, in peace or war, Rheem's stability and future are welded to the growth of the American economy.

RHEEM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Rely on **Rheem** to Deliver your Goods . . . and Goodwill!

For those who desire
the *Best*



Better sight...better sound...better buy

the magnificent
Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph



Neither Fire, Flood, nor Forgetfulness, nor Pickpockets can destroy the value of your National City Bank Travelers Checks. If they are lost or stolen, you get a full refund. Spendable everywhere. Cost 75c per \$100. Buy them at your bank!

The best thing you know
wherever you go

**NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS**

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

RADIO & TV

Roundup

For a year that ended in war talk, bitter arguments about color TV, and shortages of vital materials, 1950 was not so bad. Radiomen were cheered by the 16th annual report issued in Washington last week by the Federal Communications Commission. With a record \$415 million revenue, radio showed a 1.7% gain over the previous year and a surprising ability to hold its own against television. In the first six months of 1950, more radio sets (3,850,712) came off the assembly lines than did TV sets (2,413,145). And, for the first time, U.S. radio stations passed the 2,000 mark, with 155 new stations boosting the total to 2,118.

TV, as usual, made its biggest news by turning in a record-breaking deficit: telecasters managed to lose more than \$25 million. Since most TV stations are owned by radio broadcasters, a big part of the loss came out of radio's pockets.

More important to the future than either commercial radio or TV was the flourishing status of amateur radio operators (hams), who form a pool of technicians on which the U.S. can draw in wartime. The FCC reported that there are now almost 87,000 U.S. hams broadcasting to each other and to the world, a healthy boost of 6,000 over last year.

Outside the Law

It was enough of a mystery to throw the Federal Communications Commission into a dither. Somewhere in central Ohio an unlicensed radio station was broadcasting with the call letters WKGR. This report was handed to Investigator Edward Adams. Adams hurried into his car, equipped with all the gadgets for locating secret transmitters, and headed for the countryside around Columbus.

No Codes. In Ohio's rural Union County, Adams picked up his first, faint signal on a frequency of 650 kilocycles. To his surprise, station WKGR, instead of sending out cryptic or coded messages, was blithely broadcasting standard fare: recordings, news shorts and amateur talent shows, interspersed with hearty commercial plugs for such concerns as the Hildreth Jewelry Store and Conrad Coal Co. of the county seat, Marysville (pop. 4,272).

In maple-shaded Marysville, Agent Adams discovered that, far from being clandestine, station WKGR was a widely known local enterprise. He had no trouble finding its studio offices on the second floor of a building on Marysville's main street, and he was greeted by a cheerful receptionist who readily took him in to see the illicit station's five owners and operators. General Manager Gene Kirby, 10, admitted, with modest pride, that WKGR had "just grown" from a ham station he had built in his family's backyard garage five years ago, when the general manager was 14. His transmitter, from a beat-up B-17, had been bought at an Army surplus sale. In December, when the

**MEN OVER 25
WHOSE HAIR IS
GETTING THIN-
GROOM IT WITH
KREML**

TO AVOID THAT GREASY LOOK
MAKE HAIR LOOK MORE ABUNDANT!



If you're feeling self-conscious about your hair getting thin on top or receding at the temples, don't call attention to your thin hair by plastering it down with greasy, sticky products which leave an unsightly, dirt-trapping, shiny film on the scalp. Now's the time to graduate to Kreml Hair Tonic!

Kreml is different from any dressing you've ever used. It never looks greasy or sticky—never plasters hair down. Instead, Kreml is especially blended to make your hair look *naturally well-groomed*—to make hair look thicker—like more than you've got. Also unsurpassed to remove dandruff flakes and to give sleepy scalps a delightful 'wake-up tingle.' So change to Kreml!

Like to try Kreml? After your next haircut, ask your barber for the Kreml application.

KREML
Hair Tonic

IMPORTANT: Don't fail to try the new Kreml Shampoo with its natural oil base. It will never dry hair as so many cream and liquid shampoos which contain drying detergents do.



Burgess Meredith, famous Broadway and Hollywood star

Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Burgess Meredith finds this remarkable new shaving cream helps keep his face youthfully soft and good-looking!

Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

To help actors—and other men with sensitive skin—maintain a young and healthy appearance, The J. B. Williams Company has added an amazing new substance to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, helps protect the face against

excessive dryness and daily blade scrape.

Now—every time you shave with the New Williams Shaving Cream—you give your face the benefit of Extract of Lanolin, which helps preserve the youthful qualities of the skin. If your position calls for a well-groomed look from morning till night, or if your face is sensitive to the sharp cutting edge of your razor, you'll want to start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. *Same tube—same carton—but now containing wonderful new "Extract of Lanolin!"*

HARTER CHAIRS SAY



C-1500A SWIVEL ARMCHAIR



C-1510A SIDE ARMCHAIR



"Welcome!"

THESE fine chairs are eloquent spokesmen for the quality of your business. They make a good first impression of modern, attractive, and efficient operation. This impression lasts.

The C-1500A suite has the look and feel of quality in every line. Coil spring seat, covered with soft padding, provides deep and resilient comfort. Modern design is graceful, functional, free of fuss and fancy. Fine upholstery in the color of your choice.

Harter builds a complete line of chairs for every room in the office, every worker, every job. Go to your Harter dealer for helpful advice on office seating problems. We'll send along his name and address with free literature. Just drop us a line.

HARTER
STURGIS MICHIGAN
STEEL CHAIRS—POSTURE CHAIRS

Write for free illustrated literature on C-1500A suite, Harter Corporation, 601 Franklin Ave., Sturgis, Mich.

owners decided to go on the air commercially. Station Engineer John McCarter, an older of 28 who holds a third-class radio operator's card, souped up the transmitter so that it covered a twelve-mile radius.

Four Letters. Advertising Manager Richard Pfar, 21, explained their choice of the call letters WKGR: they had gone over a listing of U.S. stations and picked four letters that didn't conflict with any others. Program Director Floyd Coil, 18, and Business Manager Curt Scheiderer, 22, added that they had thought all you had to do to start a business in the U.S. was start it.

Agent Adams sat down with the youthful free enterprisers and explained a few grubby, governmental facts of life. One hard fact: the maximum penalty for running an unlicensed radio station is a fine of \$10,000 or two years in prison. After



Ken Merrill—Columbus Dispatch
WKGR's McCARTER & PFAR
Like Topsy.

the lecture, Adams picked up WKGR's microphone and announced over the air that "the management" had no federal authorization to operate and was being closed by a representative of FCC.

Mostly because of the youth of the staff, FCC decided not to take legal action. Marysville businessmen at first rallied behind the boys, but seemed to lose interest on learning that it would take \$20,000 to buy the equipment necessary to meet FCC requirements for a broadcasting license.

At week's end, station WKGR's chances of going back on the air were dim indeed. Owners Coil and Kirby left town for Texas, where they are now members of the U.S. Air Force. Owners McCarter and Scheiderer, both ex-servicemen, had just about decided to enlist. Ex-Advertising Manager Richard Pfar, daily expecting his own Army call, offered a final comment on the short, busy life of Station WKGR: "Gee, if we had known we were operating outside the law, we wouldn't have done it."

A Guy with Ideas

NBC, well along on a lavish campaign to buy up entertainers for its TV network, last week hired a man to tell it what to do with its high-priced talent. In signing a two-year "consultant" contract with pint-sized Showman Billy Rose, NBC Vice President William Brooks explained: "He seems to be quite a guy with ideas, and you've got to take ideas where you can find them."

Rose, 51, who has produced everything from a flea circus to opera, had an operation last month. After that, he gave up his syndicated newspaper column ("I've still got . . . a skinkful of ache"), and is closing his Manhattan nightclub, the Diamond Horseshoe. But last week he was eager to get on with his new job. His only previous TV experience has been in an advisory capacity on the half-hour *Billy Rose Show* (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC), a frequently effective dramatic series directed by Broadway's talented Jed Harris (*The Front Page*, *Our Town*, *The Heiress*). As NBC consultant, Rose will make "suggestions" on policy, programming and showmanship. Best of all, he says, is "the idea of someone wanting to pay money just to talk to me."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 19, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Die Fledermans*, with Marguerite Piazza, Risë Stevens, Patrice Munsel.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Pianist Rudolf Firkušny.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Fortune Hunter*, with Jeanne Crain and John Lund.

Hollywood Star Playhouse (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Dick Haymes in *Rabbit Foot*.

Voice of Firestone (Mon. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Soprano Bidu Sayao.

This Is Europe (Mon. 10:30 p.m., Mutual). Musical show, originating in Paris, starring Jacqueline François.

Cavalcade of America (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Montgomery Clift in *The Metal of the Moon*.

TELEVISION

Two Girls Named Smith (Sat. noon, ABC). Comedy series with Peggy Ann Garner.

Your Show of Shows (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. Guest: Lena Horne.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Guest: Margaret Truman.

Philco TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Confession*, with John Ireland and Neva Patterson.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Teresa Wright in *Manhattan Purchase*.

Musical Comedy Time (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Victor Moore and Irene Bordoni in *Louisiana Purchase*.

Four Star Revue (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante and Helen Traubel.

Fill it once...

write for months



Dip-Less® 444

DESK PEN SET

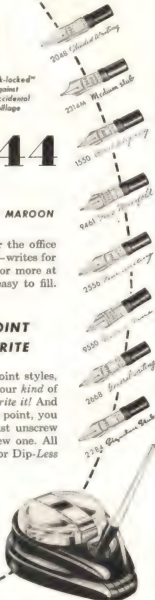
IN BLACK, CLEAR, GREEN, GRAY AND MAROON

Such a wonderful desk set—for either the office or at home! Holds a full ounce of ink—writes for months without refilling—a full page or more at each dip of the pen. Easy to clean, easy to fill. And, with Dip-Less Sets you can

CHOOSE THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

From the world's largest variety of point styles, you can choose the precise point for your kind of writing and for the way you yourself write it! And should you ever damage your favorite point, you can replace it yourself—instantly! Just unscrew the damaged point and screw in a new one. All pen counters sell replacement points for Dip-Less Sets. Ask for a demonstration.

The Esterbrook Pen Company
Camden, New Jersey



Model 407 Dip-Less Desk Set

Extra large base holds two ounces of ink. Can't leak—won't flood. Visible ink supply. Choice of points.

Prices slightly higher in Canada
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Esterbrook®
AMERICA'S FIRST PEN MAKER

SPORT



OMA STAGGERING AWAY FROM CHARLES IN THE TENTH
The parallel: Stephen Foster.

Associated Press

What Do I Have to Do?

Since he won the heavyweight championship in 1949, Ezzard Charles has knocked out five of the six challengers for his title without convincing fight fans that he is a worthy successor to Joe Louis. In Madison Square Garden last week, against reformed Playboy Lee Oma, 34, Charles tried again.

Challenger Oma made the demonstration as hard as possible. Though he appeared to be walking duck-footed into the champion's best punches, Oma never seemed to get hurt. In his flailing eagerness to please, Charles inadvertently struck low blows in the fifth and eighth rounds, and the crowd booed him. Even the fouls didn't seem to stagger Oma much. In the tenth round, nonetheless, before the crowd realized that Oma had actually been hurt, Oma came apart. Slack-jawed and befuddled from a final series of lefts & rights to the head, he staggered vacantly around the ring as the referee stopped the fight.

Champion Charles had not convinced the fans. They made the Garden ring with their verdict: boos for an uncommonly dull fight. All this left gentlemanly, music-loving Ezzard Charles nonplused and a bit plaintive. Said he: "I don't know what I have to do to convince them I'm the champ. I guess I'm like Stephen Foster. He wrote a lotta good music and they didn't appreciate him until he was dead."

Downfall

When Bradley's basketball team bobbed up in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden for a game with St. John's (of Brooklyn) last week, the boys from Peoria were rated the No. 1 team in the U.S. Bradley's shoot-and-run tactics, sparked by little (5 ft. 8 in., 170 lbs.) Gene Melchiorre, had frazzled 15 straight oppo-

nents by outrunning and outscoring them. St. John's Coach Frank McGuire told his Redmen what he wanted them to do about all this: shoot and run faster than No. 1 Bradley, and put up a better defense.

By halftime, McGuire's Redmen led a surprised Bradley, 34-29. All-America Melchiorre had not sunk a single basket. Could St. John's keep up the pace? Midway through the second half St. John's was still leading, and the Bradley Braves were wilting. Melchiorre, held to four points for the game, fouled out. Moments later, he was joined on the bench by two more first-stringers, for the same

reason. St. John's wrapped up the game, 68-59.

Beaten Bradley could still be ranked up near the top of U.S. college basketball, but St. John's, beaten only twice in 13 games (by Kansas and Kentucky) clearly seemed to belong in the top ten too.

For Hire

A year ago, the big question at the annual meeting of the National Collegiate Athletic Association was what to do about half a dozen colleges that more or less admitted violating the intercollegiate "Sanity Code." Some members were for throwing the violators out of the N.C.A.A. Last week, after a year's reflection, the N.C.A.A. tried a different approach to the problem: it threw out most of the Sanity Code instead.

By a vote of 130 to 60 (three more than the necessary two-thirds), the N.C.A.A. decided that, as a general rule binding all schools and all conferences, the three-year-old official ban on paying college players was just plain unworkable. Under the old definition of sanity, it was all right to give a football player free tuition plus a paying job around school (to cover room & board), provided the pay was "commensurate" with the job. Under the new law, the pay doesn't have to be commensurate with anything but the going market for hiring amateur athletes.

Still on the N.C.A.A. books: the old anti-recruiting provision that makes it officially illegal to pay a promising young fellow's way to the campus for a heart-to-heart talk with the coach. Otherwise, sanity is now strictly up to individual schools and conferences.

In other actions last week the N.C.A.A.:
❑ Dropped from the agenda all charges against last year's code violators.

❑ Passed a resolution against the "five" (i.e., while the game is being played) tele-



ST. JOHN'S AND BRADLEY IN A REBOUND SCRAMBLE
The formula: speed.

International

casting of regular-season college football next fall, left it up to member schools to comply or not, as they thought best.

¶ Agreed that member schools should not play in post-season bowl games unless the price is right, i.e., teams must be guaranteed 75% of the gross receipts.

"The Graw"

It was at Havre de Grace, the late Sam Riddle used to say, that Man o' War ran his greatest race. That was in 1920, when Riddle's Big Red, carrying the heaviest weight he had ever been made to carry (138 lbs.), ran away with the Potomac Handicap in his usual style—and set a new track record for the mile-and-a-sixteenth while he was about it. Man o' War was in his heyday that year, and so was Havre de Grace. Halfway between Philadelphia and Washington, "the Graw"⁷⁸ drew crowds from 100 miles or more away, north & south.

It was a pleasant time, before such modern conveniences as electrified tote boards and raucous public address systems. If a racegoer had no special interest in placing a bet at the moment, he could wander down to the stable area along the Susquehanna, watch such thoroughbreds as Exterminator or Sir Barton grazing under the trees. After the races there was the leisurely ride home, or perhaps a turn at the roulette wheel or dice table in what was apt to be, in race season, a relaxed and hospitable town.

In recent years, though the clubhouse and grandstand look a little cramped and shabby compared to modern plants, the Graw has still offered good racing; in 1947 Citation ran and won the first race of his career there. But competition from Delaware Park and New Jersey's Garden State was already drawing customers away. By 1949, to keep from going deep in the red, Havre de Grace was forced to turn over some of its allotted racing days to Pimlico.

By last week the bookkeeping problem had become too much. For \$1,800,000, Havre de Grace's owners sold out to agents for two other Maryland tracks: Alfred Vanderbilt's Pimlico and Morris Schapiro's Laurel Park. The new owners plan to shut down the old place, take over most of the racing days once allotted to the Graw.

Who Lost

¶ In Sydney, the English cricket team, to Australia, 420-413, for England's third straight defeat in a best-of-five series for "The Ashes," mythical symbol of cricket supremacy which Australia has held since 1932.

¶ In Arcadia, Calif., favored Your Host, to Moonrush (and the rest of the field) in the \$50,000 San Pasqual Handicap, when Your Host piled into another horse, fell, broke four small bones in his right front leg, apparently ended his racing career.

* Race-track French, Havre de Grace (Harbor de Grace) got its name during the American Revolution, when the Marquis de Lafayette decided that the setting, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, reminded him of France's Le Havre.

James E. Pepper

No. 1

FIRST BOURBON

made in Kentucky (1780)

...still the finest!

BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF

Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey • 100 proof • James E. Pepper & Co., Inc., Lexington, Kentucky

Cruise South

Exciting...exotic...exhilarating!
14-Day Winter Cruises

West Indies South America



Aboard the luxurious CANADIAN PACIFIC cruise liner EMPERESS OF SCOTLAND

Just imagine! The whole sweep of the sunny, sparkling Caribbean with all its tropical romance and enchantment—yours to enjoy in perfect comfort! Canadian Pacific style means superb food—graciously served in the fully air-conditioned dining room; comfortable, airy staterooms, impeccably clean; your choice of two swimming pools...dancing and night club entertainment.

No passports or visas required.

14-Day Cruises:

February 4,

February 20, March 8, March 24

Departing New York

VISIT: Kingston, Jamaica; La Guaira, Venezuela; Curacao, Dutch West Indies; Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone; Havana, Cuba. Fares from New York—Minimum \$350.00*.

*Not subject to U. S. Transportation Tax

Canadian Pacific

Reservations early: See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada.

MEDICINE

"The Best They Could"

In Rochester, Minn. last week, the unhappy parents of four-year-old Carolyn Joan Purcell found the "miracle" they were looking for. The little Georgia girl, threatened a fortnight ago (*TIME*, Jan. 15) with the terrible alternatives of certain death or blindness by surgery, had been rushed to the famed Mayo Clinic by Atlanta Shriners. The Mayo doctors had pushed waiting patients aside to consider Carolyn Joan's case, and, after a painstaking ten-hour examination, had pronounced their verdict: Carolyn Joan was free of cancer, needed no operation.

"It was the hand of God moving to stay the hand of the surgeon," said Carolyn Joan's mother.

Back home, some of Mrs. Purcell's joy gave way to bitterness: "Why did the doctors let me believe they had to take my child's eyes out?" The answer: the doctors themselves believed it. It is often impossible to tell the difference between certain inflammatory conditions and cancer of the eyes without removing the eye for microscopic examination. If there is any possibility of cancer, most doctors would rather sacrifice one eye than risk the patient's life by waiting.

The Georgia specialist who was first called in by Carolyn Joan's family doctor was convinced that cancer was present. When the Purcells refused to let him remove one of her eyes, he took her case to the staff specialists at Atlanta's Grady Memorial Hospital. Their conclusion was that immediate operation was vital.

Hearing of Carolyn Joan's planned trip to Rochester, Grady's chief eye surgeon wrote Mayo: "Some of us feel that the right eye should be sacrificed to make a proper diagnosis." Mayo apparently felt that the sacrifice was unnecessary. "Carolyn Joan has an inflammatory condition within each eyeball," they announced after studying her case. "It is not necessary to remove either eye for this disease."

"I guess," said father Frank Purcell after his first good night's sleep in three weeks, "those Grady doctors did the best they could."

The Mixture As Before

Louisiana's State Senator Dudley J. LeBlanc is a stem-winding salesman who knows every rattle-dazzle switch in the pitchman's trade. By resorting to most of them during the past six months, he has managed each month to sell more than 2,000,000 bottles of a patent medicine



SMOOTH SAILING

This machine, called the Invalift, was designed to make smoother sailing of a rough voyage: the transfer of hospital patients from bed to stretcher, from stretcher to operating table. It began to take form in the mind of Seattle Inventor O. P. Smith in 1944, after he had seen his wife clumsily hefted on to her bed by hospital orderlies at the end of a serious operation. Smith went to work, and in 1946 his idea was taken over by Seattle Engineer Willis Hanen, who turned it into the sleek Invalift. An electric-powered affair consisting of two steel booms slung on cables and fitted, hammockwise, with steel ribbons which can be adjusted to fit any contour, the machine has already been tried out in several Seattle hospitals. Last week a shiny new model was being crated for shipment to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. "To permit manual handling of the critical patient after seeing the Invalift in operation," says the University of Minnesota's Chief of Surgery Owen H. Wangenstein, "is to revert to barbarism."



Your greatest assurance of Healthy Teeth

"Miracle" Dentifrice? Don't be fooled! The truth: your *only* assurance of healthy teeth is your dentist—aided by an effective* dentifrice with a toothbrush that helps you reach hard-to-get-at places.

*No dentifrice can neutralize decay-causing mouth acids more effectively than reliable Squibb Dental Cream.

Here's Why You Need Bayer Aspirin When You Have A Cold —to Feel Better Fast!



At the first sign of a cold—before you do anything else—take two BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a full glass of water. Here's why:

When you have a cold, it's almost invariably accompanied by a headachy, feverish feeling and muscular aches and pains. And it's very important to your well being that you treat these distressing symptoms with a medication that will relieve them...relieve them quickly. By taking BAYER ASPIRIN at the first sign of a cold, you'll get this important relief.

No matter how you try to stop or shorten a cold, we believe that your own doctor will tell you that this is sound advice.

FEEL BETTER FAST

And when you use BAYER ASPIRIN, you'll discover why millions have followed this advice with remarkable results. For BAYER ASPIRIN works fast. It's actually ready to go to work in two seconds. And this is one reason why it brings you amazingly quick relief from these painful cold symptoms.

This two second speed is something you can see with your own eyes by dropping a BAYER ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water and "clocking" its disintegration.



WHAT TO DO FOR SORE THROAT

When your cold causes a sore throat, gargle with three BAYER ASPIRIN tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water. This makes a highly potent medicinal gargle that almost instantly soothes tender throat membranes, relieves pain and irritation.

Besides being effective, BAYER ASPIRIN is also gentle. Its single active ingredient is so gentle to the system that doctors regularly prescribe it even for small children.

Keep BAYER ASPIRIN handy. When you buy, be sure to ask for it by its full name—Bayer Aspirin—not just for "Aspirin" alone.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

called Hadacol (TIME, June 19). A spectacular, three-dimensional display in New York's Grand Central Station and sensational advertising gimmicks in other big cities proclaim the "merits" of the mixture, which consists of B vitamins, honey, iron, phosphorous and calcium, all shaken up in a 24-proof cocktail of ethyl alcohol.*

Last November, LeBlanc began urging the nation's doctors to help him sell more Hadacol. "Dear Doctor," ran a learned-sounding circular letter from the makers of Hadacol, "In order that you may give consideration to Hadacol for its therapeutic effect... we suggest that you check and return the accompanying card..." It was signed "The LeBlanc Corporation,



Ed. Pierce—Lia

DUDLEY LeBLANC & SHOWGIRL
The doctors were critical.

Leslie A. Willey, M.D., Clinical Research Director."

Last week the American Medical Association's tough Bureau of Investigation cocked a stern eye at Senator LeBlanc and urged the profession to sign no Hadacol cards. "It is hoped," said the A.M.A., "that no doctor will be uncritical enough to join in the promotion of Hadacol. It is difficult to imagine how one could do himself or his profession greater harm from the standpoint of the abuse of the trust of a patient suffering from any condition. Hadacol is not a specific medication. It is not even a specific preventive measure."

* Last week LeBlanc and his whirlwind medicine show blew into Hollywood to launch Hadacol there. Opening a 30-day ballyhoo campaign (which included a star-studded \$75,000 radio show, featuring Groucho Marx and Judy Garland), the senator announced that he had already taken \$1.5 million worth of orders for Hadacol in the movie capital.

TAKE YOUR VACATION BEFORE YOU NEED IT!

...DOCTORS URGE



Now is the time to plan that vacation you thought you couldn't afford. Read why more Americans traveled abroad in 1950 than in any year in our country's history. Their reports show that a striking change is taking place in many people's vacation thinking. Doctors, for example, have discovered that—

"the best prescription is to take a vacation *before* you reach the point where you're 'just going along on nerve.'" Furthermore, one of America's leading psychologists came out flatly for a vacation which is "a planned effort to realize some strong or long-anticipated wish . . . the important element is the *degree* of change."



Last year, on just such long-anticipated vacations, 20 per cent more Americans went to Paris than went the year before. 31% more went to England, Scotland and Wales. 40% more went to Spain. Hundreds of thousands of tourists, many of them Holy Year pilgrims to Rome, visited Italy and Switzerland.

South America, almost unknown to

most North Americans ten years ago, has doubled its popularity in that decade. Last year Pan American World Airways flew more passengers south of the border than in any similar period in its 23-year history.

Bermuda, Hawaii, Mexico and Guatemala and the West Indies all reported the same thing—"wonderful season, nothing like it in our history."



Out of all this travel, two facts stand out clearly:

1.) The airplane, and particularly the big 4-engine Clippers which now fly to all 6 Continents, has changed the whole vacation "picture." Two or three weeks is now ample time to do just what the doctor ordered—"realize some strong or long-anticipated wish." Paris is not "far away" any more. Paris is now only 14 hours by air from New York City! Hawaii is no longer "an island" way out in the Pacific." Hawaii is a group of islands only 9½ hours by Clipper from the West Coast!

2.) The "summer vacation" is not the standard article it used to be. Recent surveys show that in 1949, some 85 per cent of all Americans felt they *had* to take their vacations in June, July or August.

They don't feel that way any more!

Low off-season fares, described in more detail on the next two pages, have gone a long way toward popularizing the winter vacation—or, in some cases, a split vacation.



What does this mean? It means that the vacation thinking of more and more Americans is catching up with the speed of the flying Clippers. Think of this: it might be *wiser* to escape for two weeks in the dead of winter to a warm, sunny climate than it would be to "save up" all of your vacation and spend it next summer on an overcrowded beach in sweltering weather.

Schools? It has been formally suggested by the Medical Director of one of America's leading industries, which has thousands of employees, "that the school calendar is in need of radical revision in much of the *Temperate Zone*." In the season, you see, when children most need sunshine they have to stay at home to go to school! With the airplane—well—



now
let's take off
for ➡

right now, for example,
**It's SUMMER in
 Romantic Rio!**



Copacabana Beach at Rio



In colorful Haiti you can buy handmade mahogany articles "for a song." Dollars go far in all southern lands. Haiti is a mere four hours from Miami by Clipper. For only a slightly higher fare you can fly to several other Caribbean isles, too.



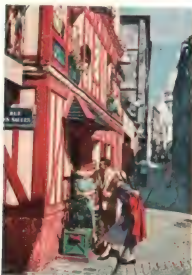
Montevideo's Pocitos Beach is typical of those that stud the east coast of South America. Montevideo is a regular stop on *El Presidente*, Pan American's deluxe "Strato" Clipper from New York. Thrifty *El Turista* also calls at this beautiful city.



Yes, 20½ hours
 after leaving New York
 in a giant double-decked "Strato" Clipper,
 you can be in Rio de Janeiro ...
 where the seasons are reversed.

No snow! No ice!

South America is literally as near as tomorrow—when you go Pan American. It's the *fastest* way—the most luxurious way. You can board your Clipper in the middle of North America's winter—and fly into the middle of South America's summer in a matter of hours. Clippers can take you to any kind of climate you want—at any time of the year!



Fares to Europe are now the lowest of the entire year!

Excursion fares: For only one-tenth more than the regular one-way fare you get a 15-day round-trip ticket which saves you up to 38% ... But you must go before March 16th.

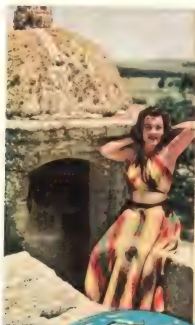
Thrift season fares: Go before April 1st, return before July 1st. See Europe in the spring ... you avoid the summer rush ... and save up to 25%!

Typical round-trip fares from New York:

	Excursion fare	Thrift fare	Regular fare
LONDON	\$412.50	\$580.00	\$675.00
PARIS	440.50	535.30	710.30
BRUSSELS	440.50	535.30	710.30
ROME	532.00	656.30	831.30
STOCKHOLM	499.80	609.10	794.10
FRANKFURT	471.90	576.10	745.10



What will it be—a cooling drink under the palms in Hawaii (above) ... or a memorable meal in Paris (left)? "Strait" Clippers fly to both Hawaii and Europe. A week or two is now sufficient for a vacation almost anywhere!



Save on fares to Latin America, too!

You may choose from three different fares when you go to Latin America by Pan American:

Tourist fare: Saves up to 25%. 4-engine Clippers. Does not include certain luxuries provided on regular-fare flights.

Regular fare: Four-engine Clippers, equipped with exclusive "Sleepettes" (at night, your lounge chair reclines enough to provide full bed-length comfort).

"El Presidente": The only double-decked airliner flights to South America. This deluxe service includes "Sleepette" seats, special meals, etc. Berths available.

Typical round-trip fares from New York:

	Tourist fare	Regular fare	"El Presidente"
SAN JUAN	\$150.00	\$190.00	
PORT-OF-SPAIN	279.30	357.80	\$372.80
RIO DE JANEIRO	710.40	828.00	848.90
MONTEVIDEO	841.70	977.40	1017.40
BUENOS AIRES	855.00	980.20	1020.20



At Acapulco, Mexico (above), you could enjoy tea on the terrace of a smart hotel ... or pit your skill against the giant swordfish and sailfish in near-by waters. Picture at left was taken by an American visitor at historic Fort Santa Teresa near La Coronilla, Uruguay.



More people have traveled overseas by PAN AMERICAN than by any other airline

So many choices! In the Pan American timetable you will find over 14 pages of places to which you can fly throughout the world. You'll discover Clippers go to every continent. Look through this exciting list of foreign places—pick the ones you've always wanted to see—and go this year! Ask your Travel Agent or Pan American for your free timetable.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Pan American World Airways, Chrysler Bldg., New York.

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The Old Forester Orchid!



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Orchidhaven, Bogertville, N.Y.

It is fitting that an orchid has been named for Old Forester. For as the orchid symbolizes the ultimate in flowers, this outstanding bourbon has, since 1870, represented the finest in Kentucky whisky. And both have taken infinite skill, time and patience to attain perfection.

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ART

The Sunny Side

Some of his more sobersided fellow artists deplore Marcel Vertès. They sneer at his "commercialism" (he does covers for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, along with book illustrations, perfume ads, ballet sets, china, furniture, silk print and needlepoint designs), but can't help envying his commercial success. They scoff at his preference for pretty and elegant subjects, but have to admit, gritting their teeth, that Vertès (rhymes with bear says) draws and paints very prettily and elegantly indeed. They call him superficial, forget that such masters as Fragonard were too.

Moreover, Vertès bubbles with ideas that other artists wish they had thought of first. Last week a Manhattan gallery put the results of Vertès' latest notion on show: 20 portraits of famous people painted as Vertès imagines they must have looked in childhood. Most of them pretty and all more or less penetrating, the portraits were done with a feather-light virtuoso touch reminiscent of Manet. The drawing was sketchy but never scratchy, the colors pastel but never pasty.

Bad Little Mouth. The artist began the series eight months ago with a picture of his wife as a little girl. "It's nice," their friends said, "but you could never paint one of a bearded man as a boy." Vertès accepted the challenge, sat down to paint a juvenile Bernard Shaw. "When an Englishman or an Irishman has a beard," he figured, "there must be a reason. I looked very well at grown-up photographs of Shaw, and I found his bad little mouth and sharp little chin. I painted him at the age of twelve so I could show his arrogance too."

The project grew on Vertès as he worked: "I happened to be reading Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography. She wrote she was a sad little child, so I painted her that way. Then somebody said, 'Why don't you paint Einstein with his little violin?', and that was enough. Churchill was obvious. He said himself that every baby in the United Kingdom looked like him. Garbo I imagined as a pale green little girl—beautiful always, but I'm sure she was green as a frog. I'd seen so many photographs of the Duke of Windsor, I did not have to look at more, but I did look at the Wally Simpson of today, and because I do believe in destiny, I put them on the same canvas with a rock and a fog as separation. The two people already there waiting for each other."

Polite Little Smile. One of the most charming portraits in the show is of a beautiful five-year-old in a sailor suit meant to be Vertès himself. At 55, he looks like a heavy-set Mephisto, whose brow, nose and mouth form three emphatic Vs. "My friends," Vertès admits, "smile a little at my self-portrait and say very politely, 'I don't think it's too much you.'"

As a boy, Vertès had a passion for airplanes, took mechanical training in his native Budapest. One day, trudging home



CHURCHILL



EINSTEIN



THE DUKE & DUCHESS OF WINDSOR



SHAW



GARBO

After narrow-hipped girls, Manet and destiny.



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EMPLOYERS MUTUALS of WAUSAU

smudged and weary from school, he met his elder sister on the street. All dressed up and on her way to a party, she cut him dead. Vertès went home and cried. His sister later returned, joined him on their balcony overlooking the Danube and told him he must train for classier work. "I was very sad," Vertès recalls with a grin, "and had death in my soul. I was a mistaken, broken man at 14. My sister said, 'Why don't you be an artist? Then you can have a nice studio with a bearskin rug in front of the fireplace, and pretty girls to pose for you!'"

Precious Little Time. That decided Vertès. While still in his teens he made a name for himself in Budapest as a cartoonist. At 23 he was in Paris, earning a living by drawing ads. He preferred picturing the *haut monde*, though he had no part in it. At night, Vertès would make the rounds of the nightclubs, tell the headwaiters he was looking for a party of friends, and stand for a few precious minutes drinking in the scene. His sketches of what he saw were taken up by Paris magazines and Manhattan ones followed suit. Vertès became rich enough to take his pretty wife and a party of friends anywhere and pick up the tab.

Today he divides his time between Paris and Manhattan. He still earns a heap of money by sketching the wide-eyed, narrowhipped girls with skyward-tilting noses and bosoms that have become his trademark. But Vertès is also giving more time than ever before to more serious work in oils. He has no patience with modern painters who believe that "the pretty is ugly and the ugly is pretty." Both by temperament and conviction, Vertès believes in painting the sunny side of the street.

The Trouble with Stilts

For three years skeptical Frenchmen have watched Le Corbusier's ultramodern "Radiant City" taking form in the suburbs of Marseille (*TIME*, Feb. 2, 1948; June 12, 1950). They found plenty of fault with the 300-family apartment house. The quarters were cramped, the master bedrooms offered hardly any privacy from the living rooms, and windowless kitchens would make it hard for the pungent odors of French cooking to escape, or for French housewives to throw their garbage into the street. Last week, with the building nearing completion, vinophilic Frenchmen were talking about the most serious flaw of all. A Marseille daily, *La France*, pointed out with horror that, by building his Radiant City on stilts, the architect had left no room for wine cellars. Said one indignant Marseillais: "Who wants to live in a temperance asylum? Give me a one-story bungalow with four walls, windows, a roof—and a wine cellar."

In his monastic Paris quarters, Le Corbusier replied calmly: "There will be a central grocery where the tenants can buy their wine every day." The Swiss-born architect had no sympathy for people who wanted to keep a few old bottles of their own in a cool, dark place. "Let them go and live elsewhere."

You've asked these questions—

You'll want to remember these answers

1 Do pharmacists practice their profession in retail drug stores only?



No you will find them wherever drugs and medicines are required. Registered pharmacists are included on the staffs of many hospitals. The Army, the Navy, the U. S. Public Health Service, and other governmental departments all have pharmacists performing professional and administrative duties. They also are on the teaching staffs of colleges of pharmacy. Pharmaceutical manufacturers employ them not only to prepare drugs and medicines on a large scale, but also in the laboratories where these products are tested and standardized. Today, there are close to 100,000 registered pharmacists employed in various capacities, and of these over 3 per cent are women.

4 Why is it dangerous to try to read or phone a prescription to your pharmacist?



A prescription is a precise document, expressed in technical terms and symbols that can easily be misinterpreted by the public. So, if you attempt to read a prescription to your pharmacist you may fail to interpret it correctly. However, when you give your doctor's written prescription to your pharmacist, you can be sure that you have handed him the information he needs to fill the prescription exactly as the doctor intended.

2 What requirements must your pharmacist fulfill before starting his professional career?



(1) He must be a graduate of an accredited college course in pharmacy, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science, and before entering college he must have completed a full four-year high school course. (2) He must have had at least one year of practical experience under the supervision of a registered pharmacist. (3) He must pass a rigid examination given by his State Board of Pharmacy. (4) He must be at least 21 years of age, of good moral character, and meet certain citizenship qualifications.

5 Why is your pharmacist permitted to keep narcotics in his store?



Your pharmacist keeps narcotics in his store because he is authorized to act as the legal custodian of these drugs. The supply which he maintains is carefully guarded, and no narcotic drug is dispensed except upon proper medical authorization. Pharmacists strictly observe the regulations set up to prevent misuse of these drugs—a practice that is in keeping with the high ethical standards of the profession.

3 Is there a systematic basis for determining the price of a prescription—or is the cost computed haphazardly?



Yes, there is a systematic basis for prescription pricing. The principal factors involved are the cost of the drugs specified by your doctor, a compounding charge, and the amount of time required to dispense the prescription. Naturally, prescription costs are higher when expensive drugs are required, or when time-consuming procedures are necessary.

6 If you handed your pharmacist an unlabeled bottle, a prescription container with the number defaced, or an envelope with a few loose tablets, would he refuse your request for "more of this medicine"?



Your pharmacist will always refuse to sell any drug that he cannot positively identify. When you request a medicine and give merely a vague description—or present an unlabeled container—you are asking your pharmacist to introduce an element of chance into his professional work. By declining to take such chances he is acting in the interest of your safety and your health.

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One of a series of advertisements designed to help you know your pharmacist better

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Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists: Antibiotics . . . Antiseptics . . . Biologicals . . . Chemotherapeutic Agents . . . Endocrines . . . Pharmaceutical Preparations . . . Surgical Dressings . . . Vitamin Products.

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THE PRESS

The Editor Regrets

In Manhattan, Kans. (pop. 18,900), readers of the devoutly Republican *Mercury-Chronicle* (circ. 5,445) got a surprise last week when they turned to the editorial page. The *Mercury-Chronicle*, which for years had consistently supported old-guard Republicans, was flatly declaring that "the old GOPers haven't had a constructive idea in 20 years. They are afraid to vote against the social program of the Democrats because they think the people want it . . . It is no wonder the people are becoming disgusted with both major parties." The solution: a third party "with a good program" that would push both old parties "into the background."

Most surprised reader of all was Fay N. Seaton, 68, owner and editor of the *Mercury-Chronicle*, onetime state G.O.P. publicity man and Republican-appointed chairman of the state social welfare board. When the editorial appeared, he was in Topeka for the inauguration of G.O.P. Governor Edward F. Arn. Next day, angry Editor Seaton set his readers right. Wrote he: "The editor of this newspaper regrets that such an editorial as that published Monday . . . should have appeared in its editorial column. It did not represent the view of the editor, but merely that of the writer thereof."

The writer thereof was 28-year-old Managing Editor John S. Smith, Republican. Smith, whose daily editorials are rarely seen by Owner Seaton until they appear in print, had no intention of pulling a fast one on his boss. Said he: "It was my way of shocking the public into a little sound thinking . . . Republican papers should give the party a shock once in a while to keep them on their toes." But one shock was all Editor Seaton expected to get. After "a little talk" with Smith, Seaton was certain that there would be no more anti-Republican editorials.

Throwing the Rule Book

The Eighth Army last week clamped an airtight censorship on all news from Korea. Colonel R. L. Thompson, Major General Matthew Ridgway's information boss, issued 1,600 words of regulations that forbade correspondents to describe armament and equipment, discuss the Army's "strength, efficiency, morale," identify troops by unit or location, or even to mention the presence of U.S. troops in any sector until the enemy knew it. Dispatches not only had to be "accurate in statement and in implication" but so written as not to "injure the morale of our forces or our allies and . . . not embarrass the U.S., its allies or neutral countries." Furthermore, warned Colonel Thompson, any violation of these rules might bring "disciplinary action" and in "extreme cases . . . arrest [for] deportation or court-martial."

Strait Jacket? Actually, the regulations, drastic though they sounded, were from the censorship provisions of the



COLONEL ECHOLS
No more "retreats" . . .

Army Field Manual, under which war correspondents worked during World War II. What shook newsmen was not the language, but the way Thompson's small band of inexperienced censors began interpreting it. Newsmen were told that they might no longer use the word "retreat." Retreat, it appeared, was only what the enemy did. The Eighth Army's back-pedaling was all part of a plan, said security officers, therefore it should and would be called a "withdrawal"—no exceptions tolerated.

From Tokyo, which still had only "advisory" censorship, correspondents fired



CORRESPONDENT BEECH
...and only two "authoritative sources."

off hot protests. Russell Brines, A.P.'s Tokyo chief, cabled that "censorship is throwing a black curtain around [the] news." The New York Times's Dick Johnston reported the conviction—usually sound in such cases—that it "was being used to cover up military errors and defeats."

At first, MacArthur's spokesmen in Tokyo seemed just as bewildered as newsmen. Colonel Marion P. Echols, MacArthur's information boss, said he had not even seen the new censorship rules from Korea except in a "telephoned and garbled version." But next day, Colonel Echols himself announced still further restrictions on news. Henceforth, he declared, MacArthur's own headquarters would issue no further information concerning land, sea or air operations in Korea. All this would come from lower-command headquarters, i.e., the Eighth Army and naval and air force commands. The Chicago Daily News's Correspondent Keyes Beech jumped on this as evidence that Washington was gagging MacArthur and trimming his power. Wrote Beech, "MacArthur's headquarters is reduced to releases of 'general' nature, human interest stories and awards and decorations . . . That MacArthur would willingly surrender his freedom of speech is unthinkable."

Colonel Echols snapped: "There is not an ounce of truth in it." General MacArthur's headquarters itself had ordered the change since, with separate releases coming from Ridgway's and MacArthur's headquarters, there was frequent duplication and sometimes conflict. "Since the Eighth Army now controls all ground activity," added Echols, "it is more efficient to let it announce all news concerning day-to-day operations."

Roomy Overcoat. In the first few days of the new censorship, A.P.'s Brines estimated, the restrictions had cut his file from Korea by 25% and slowed up stories as much as an hour, but otherwise there hadn't been any dire consequences. I.N.S.'s Tokyo Chief Howard Handleman preferred letting the censors worry about security instead of following the old "honor" system, which made correspondents responsible for military security. Said he: "It's a lot better than being awakened at 4 some morning to learn that somebody has broken a story that we have been sitting on."

As in World War II, correspondents were already finding ways of satisfying the censor's rule book and still getting their news out. For example, Reuters's Alex Valentine wrote a story mentioning Brigadier Tom Brodie, commander of Britain's 20th Brigade. When the censor struck out Brodie's name and nationality, Valentine described him as "a United Nations brigadier wearing a British military overcoat," and the censor passed it.

Nor did censorship prevent Chicago Daily Newsman Beech from getting out the week's most sensational story from Tokyo. He cabled that "authoritative sources" had told him that General MacArthur had recommended to Washington

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that the U.S. withdraw from Korea. When Beech first showed the story to Colonel Esher C. Burkart, chief of MacArthur's press "advisory" division, Colonel Burkart tore up the first two pages. Then Beech took another copy to Colonel Echols who, after suggesting a few qualifying changes, approved it. But when the story got a front-page play in many U.S. papers, Colonel Echols flatly branded the story "a goddam lie," although he did not explain why he had okayed it. Henceforth, said Echols, no correspondent might use the phrase "authoritative source" unless he could prove that his statement came from MacArthur or his acting chief of staff, Major General Doyle O. Hickey.

By week's end, Washington was so fed up with the confusion over the new censorship policy that the Pentagon called Colonel Echols home to find out what was going on. Meanwhile, the Army's information chief, Major General Floyd Parks, asked U.S. editors for "forbearance . . . until we get this thing on the trolley."

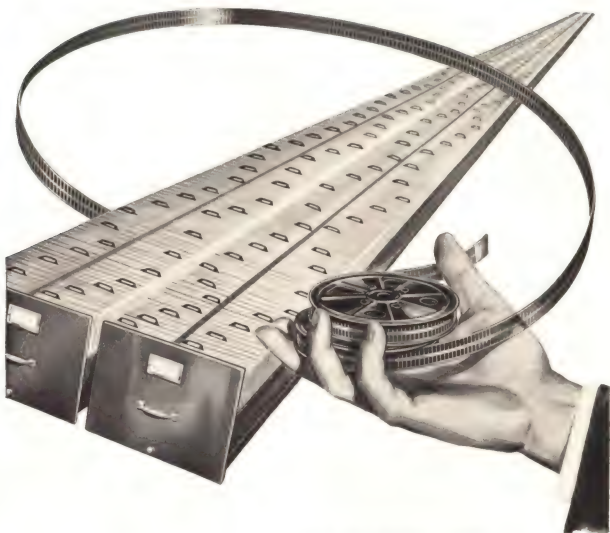
Code-Breaker?

Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, who has been bombarding Columnist Drew Pearson, last week thought he had finally zeroed in on his target. In Pearson's column of Dec. 30 in the *Washington Post*, said McCarthy on the Senate floor, Pearson had quoted, apparently verbatim, four messages to the Joint Chiefs of Staff from Major General Charles Willoughby, General MacArthur's intelligence chief. The messages gave exact figures on the strength of Chinese troops in Korea, and, wrote Pearson, the figures were much smaller than those publicly released by MacArthur. Charged McCarthy: an enemy who had both the coded and decoded Willoughby messages could break the U.S. code.

Pearson promptly retorted that he had been assured by the Pentagon that no security was involved in the messages, and that, anyhow, he had changed enough words and dates to protect the code.

Not at all satisfied, McCarthy fired off a list of questions to Army Secretary Frank Pace. Was it enough, as Pearson claimed it was, to change a few words to protect the U.S. code? Had the Pentagon cleared the messages for publication, and if not, how had Pearson gotten them? Pace replied that the messages were classified material, and that the Army had not approved them for publication. But for technical reasons, Pace wrote, "cryptographic security has not been violated." Nevertheless, the Army had started a special investigation to find out how Pearson got the messages (six days before McCarthy had raised the issue).

Washington newsmen pretty well know how Pearson, a useful tool in the throat-cutting that is always going on in Washington, got the messages. They apparently came from someone in the Pentagon with the knife out for MacArthur. But in printing classified material, Pearson had pulled a journalistic boner—if the Army wanted to be tough about it.



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SCIENCE

Plows & Sacred Cows

Dr. Henry Garland Bennett, president of Oklahoma A & M and new chief of the Government's Point Four ("Technical Assistance") Program, gave an example last week of how Point Four could help the world's less fortunate people.

Two years ago, said Agriculturist Bennett, a former county agent from North Carolina named Horace Holmes went to India as an adviser on village improvement to the Indian government. He was sent to a bedraggled northern section of the country, where he concentrated on 100 square miles near Mahwa in the United Provinces.

The prospects at Mahwa were unpromising. Most of the people were illiterate, half-starved, infested with disease and parasites. The ill-cultivated land swarmed with sacred cows, which were allowed to wander unchecked, competing with the people for the meager crops.

Cautious Start. Holmes did not make the mistake of molesting the sacred cows. He knew he would be licked before he started if he meddled openly in religious matters. "In any of the foreign countries," he said, "we are apt to make the mistake of attempting to Americanize the people. They do not necessarily want to be Americans, nor do they need to be." Holmes let the sacred cows alone, but he eventually tricked them without sacrifice by introducing legume crops that they would not eat.

Carefully avoiding taboos and deeply

rooted customs, Holmes succeeded in getting some of the farmers to plant a new kind of Indian wheat (Punjab 591). In the first season it yielded 43% more than the old-style wheat. Next year Punjab 591 was planted by entire villages, and even spread outside the experimental area. The increase went up to 63% when Holmes showed the farmers how to rotate their wheat with soil-improving legumes. With potatoes Holmes had the same success. A new variety increased the yield 112%.

Simple Tools. After Holmes had won the farmers' confidence, he took the next step: teaching them how to use improved, but still simple tools—e.g., turning plows and five-tooth cultivators. A simple form of thresher introduced by Holmes made it possible for his farmers to thresh their wheat crops in three days instead of ten. The seven days saved allowed many farmers to plow their land for the next crop before the soil under the wheat stubble got too hard.

Becoming more daring, Holmes persuaded the farmers, a few at a time, to use a little fertilizer, grow improved vegetables, kill insects with DDT. Even the sacred cows got some benefits. When Holmes arrived in the district, he found plenty of rinderpest and other cattle diseases. The government already provided veterinary services, but the suspicious farmers hid their cattle rather than allow them to be immunized. Holmes set up village schools that taught the advantages of immunization. Last year not a cow in the district died of rinderpest.



NEW WING-DO

This new Air Force fighter-bomber is a Republic Thunderjet, but Thunderjet pilots now fighting in Korea would scarcely recognize it. The craft now in combat service are straight-winged planes with impressive speed (more than 600 m.p.h.) and armament (six 12.7-mm. machine guns, 4,500 lbs. of bombs or rockets). To get better battle performance, Republic engineers gave the plane a new swept-back wing-do. Result: more speed, more range, a heavier load of weapons.

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USA: THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION

The forthcoming issue of FORTUNE is really more a book than a magazine. It is the result of many months of effort by one of the world's foremost journalistic organizations, to define and describe (at a most critical time in history) the idea and the fact of America.

In some 15 articles (or "chapters"), the editors of FORTUNE have tried to make plain and yet exciting the things which most Americans know or feel by heritage, but can seldom articulate—the muscle, the mind and the soul of our country.

"USA" is a close look at the foundation stones of history's great capitalist democracy. Here you will read about the brilliant battles of wits and concepts which led almost by accident to that astounding document, the Constitution. You will follow the changes in our system of government; discover some of the real meanings behind the symbol-sounds of our political parties; look into and behind the thousands of clubs and organizations Americans love to join.

You will perhaps be startled by the "USA's" account of the very recent transformation of American capitalism—by the new roles of labor and management, of Main Street and Wall Street. You will perhaps be shocked by its survey of our unsolved problems, and certainly you will be appalled at what FORTUNE's Editors call our failure to make the true nature of the U. S. A. apparent to the rest of the world.

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Christmas to Christie, like winter and the woods" and their being alone together.

Jessamyn West's first novel has a homespun beginning, but a rough trail lies ahead. As she showed in *The Friendly Persuasion* (TIME, Feb. 18, 1946). Author West can take a graceful path with a short story. This time she sets her compass for some 400 pages of turn-of-the-century ironic tragedy and mires down.

The tragedy begins to break in on the Conboys a few weeks after Christmas, when Cate's twelve-year-old sister Em horrifies the family by taking off her clothes for the poor farm's Peeping Tom—"to cure him." Then Cate's brother, who has eloped with one of the farm's wayward girls, learns the name of his wife's seducer and emasculates him. For a girl of curly-headed Cate's puritanical upbringing, all this is shocking enough, but when she finds out that daddy has been unfaithful to mother, she breaks off her engagement, runs away to the city to find work and purify her soul.

Author West seems as confused as Cate herself in trying to explain this erratic behavior, and as determined as a Hollywood screenwriter in making melodrama out of it. Cate winds up marrying a prissy neighbor boy whom she despises; jilted Lover Christie goes to his death in a blazing barn. Meanwhile, two crazy inmates (the witch diggers), convinced that "the truth" is buried somewhere in the earth, dig tirelessly away on the poor-farm grounds.

By the end of it all, despite the fertile pastures of authentic Hoosier talk and scenery she finds to work in, Author West turns out to have been digging with much the same fruitless energy.

Roads to Glory

CERVANTES (223 pp.)—Gary MacEoin—Bruce (\$3.25).

"Two roads lead to wealth and glory," wrote the author of *Don Quixote*, "that of letters and that of arms." By 1569, Miguel de Cervantes, 22-year-old son of a foot-loose, impoverished doctor, had already taken a short stroll down the road of Spanish letters with a sheaf of verses under his arm. Although he managed to get a few of them published, he looked in vain for wealth and glory, finally came to a decision: he would follow both roads and double his chances.

Cervantes soon found himself well started along the road to military adventure. On Oct. 7, 1571, Private Cervantes was aboard a warship in the Spanish and Venetian fleet that sailed into the Gulf of Lepanto and closed with the Ottoman fleet bent on the destruction of Christian power in the Mediterranean. A high fever pinned the gaunt, red-bearded young man to his bunk, but when he heard the battle raging, he threw himself into the fight anyhow.

Cervantes' heroic determination helped Christendom to win one of history's decisive battles; it also got him three musket wounds, and one of them made his left arm useless for life. Later, on his way

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back to Spain. Moorish pirates captured him and held him for ransom in Algiers.

Jail & Excommunication. Through it all, luckless Cervantes went ahead writing verses, and even formed a literary society in Algiers among his fellow prisoners. But after six years in the army and five years in captivity, he was no nearer to either of his goals than he had been at 22. For his four daring attempts to escape from his Moorish captors, he spent ten months chained in a cell. When the ransom money finally came, he returned to a Spain that had all but forgotten the heroes of Lepanto, and that could not spare him a pension. The 36-year-old veteran settled down to manufacture a blizzard of uninspired poems, unsuccessful plays and a pastoral novel, while his illegitimate daughter, his wife, his mother and his two



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES
At Lepanto, musket wounds.

sisters, all of whom he supported, looked hopefully over his shoulder.

At 40, he tried to crawl from under his burden of debts by taking a job as commissary for the Spanish Armada, only to run into more trouble. When he commandeered church property, he was excommunicated. When the government found discrepancies in his accounts, he was thrown into jail. Out of jail at last, he went ahead with his writing. Finally, at 57, he published Part I of the comic, compassionate masterpiece that was to win him little of the fortune, but all of the glory he thirsted for.

Devotion & Cold Eyes. Writing on a fellowship granted by Catholic Publisher Bruce, Biographer Gary MacEoin (pronounced MacOwen) hammers away determinedly at the contention of such scholars as Spanish Philosopher José Ortega y Gasset and Princeton Professor Américo Castro that Cervantes was a free-thinking man of the Renaissance who included devout passages in his work only because the cold eye of the Inquisition



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was on him. To prove his case, he offers dozens of devout quotations from Cervantes' works, and adds that since "not a single line [was] erased by [Inquisition censors] during his lifetime," Cervantes' dedication to Catholicism cannot be questioned. Right or wrong, MacEoin gives over so much of his space to supporting this single thesis that his book often reads more like a religious tract than a dispassionate analysis of Cervantes' life and writings.

A year after the publication of Part II of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes, 68, and suffering from dropsy, died, taking with him to his grave all but the bare outline of his life. Short of biographical details, Biographer MacEoin has resorted to sifting the collected writings in an effort to separate Cervantes' own experience from the fiction with which he embroidered it. The result, while rich in surmise, is a little thin as biography. After reading *Cervantes*, those who would like to know its subject better are likely to find themselves right back where they started—staring into the sad, heroic face of the mad knight who called windmills his enemies and wore a barber's basin as a helmet.

Yorkshire Contrasts

QUORUM (309 pp.)—Phyllis Bentley—Macmillan (\$3).

For 23 years, English Novelist Phyllis Bentley has been carpentering a literary chronicle of her native Yorkshire. In twelve books she has tried both to give a close-grained structure of regional manners and to trace the doings of the English merchant class from its ferment under Cromwell to its troubles under Attlee. Like John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett, her literary masters, Novelist Bentley seldom sparkles or shines. Instead, she hammers out workmanlike novels that, stolid or not, reflect a good deal of social history.

Quorum, her new story of postwar Yorkshire, is patterned on the weather-beaten but still serviceable formula of *Grand Hotel*. Author Bentley herds together eight more or less prominent citizens at a municipal committee meeting, and then, with dogged literalness, rehearses their past lives. Most of the characters conveniently pair off to personify the clash between the traditional virtues and the modern corner-cutting that is the main theme of the book.

Chairman of the committee and center of the novel is Thomas Armitage, a 75-year-old manufacturer who has learned his benevolence in the school of 19th Century liberalism. Counterposed to him is Sir Charles Considine, a finagler who is trying to worm his way into Armitage's business. Sir Charles thrives under the Labor government's program for organizing benevolence from Whitehall—Sir Charles knows his way around a bureaucracy. But Armitage feels obsolete. "All now was duty, nothing was love," Author Bentley has him reflect. "He was called vermin by a Cabinet Minister and told he did not matter a tinker's cuss."

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In some of the other character contrasts among the committee members, a humanitarian labor leader of the old school—without a trace of “class warfare” in his philosophy—is pitted against a sloganeering Communist, and a dowdy but selfless schoolmarm is set off against a poisonous nymphomaniac.

By the time the meeting drags to its finish, Author Bentley has somehow tied all her plot strings together and worked out a pro-virtue ending. Old England, the book hints, will continue to bounce along. Unfortunately, *Quorum* itself has little bounce. Except for the old-school labor leader, Author Bentley's characters are inert symbols of her social scheme, with neither individuality nor idiosyncrasy. Transparently plotted and written in muttony English, *Quorum* is the sort of novel that may give more kick to a rummaging social historian of the future than to today's American.

RECENT & READABLE

The Disappearance, by Philip Wylie. A novelist's idea of what the world might be like if men & women suddenly became invisible to each other, and why it would serve them right (TIME, Jan. 15).

The Young May Moon, by P. H. Newby. Adolescent sorrow in a quietly effective novel by a talented Englishman (TIME, Jan. 15).

Under Two Dictators, by Margarete Buber. The impressive testament of an ex-Communist who survived the concentration camps of both NKVD and Gestapo (TIME, Jan. 15).

Disturber of the Peace, by William Manchester. A brisk if not fully penetrating biography of H. L. Mencken; best when it lets Mencken himself do the talking (TIME, Jan. 8).

Concluding, by Henry Green. Goings-on at a girls' school in England; examined with grace and wit by one of England's best novelists (TIME, Jan. 1).

Family Reunion, by Ogden Nash. A choice helping from Nash's whole output of shrewd, zany verse on the domestic trials and joys of white-collar citizens (TIME, Jan. 1).

The Thirteen Clocks, by James Thurber. A thoroughly satisfying fairy tale in which the prince and the princess outmaneuver the wicked Duke to an accompaniment of gleeps, glups, guggles and, possibly, inner meanings (TIME, Dec. 25).

The Telegraph, by Stendhal. Book Two of Stendhal's “third masterpiece,” *Lucien Leuwen*; a savage and witty satire on the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe (TIME, Dec. 25).

The Blue and the Gray, edited by Henry Steele Commager. Two memorable volumes of letters, memoirs and journalism by Americans who fought and lived the Civil War; a participants' account by men & women who knew what they were fighting for (TIME, Dec. 11).

The Hinge of Fate, by Winston S. Churchill. Volume IV of Churchill's World War II memoirs; Singapore to Tunisia in another incomparable Churchillian account (TIME, Dec. 4).

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Vox Populi. In Bismarck, N.Dak., while the state legislature was in session in the city, a classified advertisement appeared in the *Bismarck Tribune*: "Sleeping room for gentlemen. Also room for legislator."

Matter of Principle. In Sheffield, England, Walter Marshall admitted his guilt and was fined £50 for breaking a store window—despite his plea that he threw the stone in outraged innocence after being unjustly fined £10 for breaking the same window.

Who, Me? In St. Louis, Roy A. Nickens was charged with having answered "No" to the "Have you ever been arrested?" query on a post office job-application form although, according to police records, he had been arrested 57 times.

Good as Gold. In Denver, Prospector Everett B. Gardner returned a 200-lb. pewter statue he found on a gold-hunting expedition to the Keifer Plumbing Co., which had reported it stolen, collected a \$50 reward.

Neighbor. In Providence, John de Rosa charged that Albert J. Sullivan kept a neighborly promise to escort De Rosa's wife and two children to the movies, then excused himself, went back to the De Rosa house and stole the radio.

Turnip's Blood. In Houston, Louis E. Northcutt caught a burglar at work in his café at 2 a.m., called the police with a coin he borrowed from the burglar.

March of Science. In Steinbach, Man., the *Carillon News* reported the results of some dietetic experiments conducted at a nearby school: "The white rats... proved another point, namely, 'A Poor School Lunch Is Not Good.'"

Scale of Values. In Yonkers, N.Y., the burglar who broke into David Stein's home passed up silverware and jewelry, carried off a loin of pork, 2 lbs. of chopped beef, a 3-lb. sirloin steak.

Disarmament Pact. In Chicago, Mrs. Isabelle Veil said she did not want to "take any more chances," insisted on a divorce agreement which provided that the revolver her husband had once brandished at her was to be dismantled, and the parts divided between them.

One of Us. In Gettysburg, Pa., a thief stole \$45 from a safe in the Adams County jail.

"A Thousand Times Good-Night." In Cairo, Egypt, Aliyah Ibrahim got a divorce after telling the judge that her husband's passion for reading poetry aloud interfered with her sleep: "It is not worthwhile getting up in the middle of the night to listen to Shakespeare."



P art of the world once more

All night the storm howled across the prairie. It drove the snow in whirls of blinding white that buried roads and covered fences. In lonely farmhouses people shivered by their stoves, cut off from the outside world.

Once, such a storm meant hardship and isolation for days or weeks on end. That is no longer true in thousands of communities where sturdy and dependable "Caterpillar" Motor Graders plow out the roads.

At the first sign of a heavy fall the big yellow machines roll into action. Their rugged engines are built to start in any weather. They have the bulldog power and traction to ram their V-plows through deep drifts.

In these days of sober effort, "Caterpillar" products not only per-

form important military services but help to uphold the productive strength of the nation. And the Motor Grader is no exception. Winter and summer, it maintains the highways that are vital to America's economy.

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